Stories of Famous Songs

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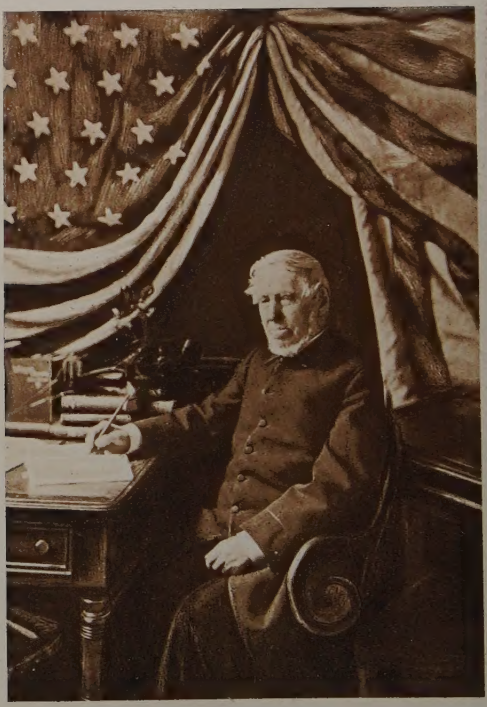

Stories of Famous Songs

By

S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald

In Two Volumes

Vol. I

Illustrated

"All great song has been sincere song"

RUSKIN

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TO MY FRIEND
AND FELLOW-
CRAFTSMAN
S. O. LLOYD

5855

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INTRODUCTION

THIS work is the practical proof of some fifteen years' agreeable labour in the fields of lyric literature and song lore. These histories, as far as possible accurate, of all the world's most famous and popular songs and ballads, have been gathered from all sorts of available sources, books, magazines, and newspapers, and living representatives and friends of deceased writers. Many of the particulars as to origin, authorship, and outcome of several of the ballads and pieces here appear in print for the first time; while nothing has been set down without due investigation and confirmation of the veracity of the various details and statements. Tracing the history of a favourite song, though interesting and enchanting, is no easy task. You may have to turn over a score books without gaining any reliable knowledge whatever. You cannot take a song and run it to earth, so to speak; the truth must slowly accumulate and grow. In writing these Stories of Famous Songs I have consulted every possible authority, every likely work—biographies, histories, re-

miniscences, and collections of songs—and have done my utmost to make the information absolutely authentic and trustworthy. I have, during the period I have had the work in hand, referred to many hundred sources, and have left no possible or probable clue untouched in order to make the history and origin of our best known and most beloved songs complete. To give a list of the writers and the works and the papers, manuscript and printed, that I have laid under contribution, would be to fill pages; but throughout the different chapters I mention most of the authorities to whom I may have been mostly indebted, and to all I tender my thanks: to the writers—known and unknown—and to many friendly correspondents who have assisted me in my searches and in the compilation of my facts.

Of course there are dozens of songs—familiar friends to hundreds of people—that will not be found in this volume. If there is no history of any moment connected with the composition of any particular song, it is impossible to tell one. Now and then I have made passing reference to some famous production whose origin lies buried in obscurity, but for the most part I have confined myself to the pleasure of relating the stories of such lays and lyrics as

were written under some romantic, pathetic, or entertaining circumstances. Though many a favourite song may be missing from these pages, I do not think that one, with which there is any history associated as to its inception and birth, has been omitted—that is, not any celebrated effusion.

While aiming all the time at accuracy and truth as to the development of the world's famous musical ballads, my object has been to produce, not so much a pedantic reference guide or dictionary for the library, as an entertaining, amusing, and instructive work that shall appeal to the hearts and sympathies of all true lovers of songs with music.

In dealing with the Irish and the Scottish sections I have striven to be just to each. When selected portions of the "Stories" were appearing in "Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper," I was assailed quite violently by certain Scottish gentlemen, who were highly indignant with me for various statements I made as to who wrote and who did not write particular songs that had generally been accepted as having been born in Scotland. But nobody has yet proved that abuse is either argument or logic, and as I have found no reason to alter the views I originally expressed, they remain exactly as I

first wrote them down, except in one or two instances where I have been enabled to strengthen my convictions.

With the sore point that has long vexed the patriotic pride of Hibernia and Caledonia as to the nationality of the music of many old ballads I have nothing to do; but as some modern Scottish writers are apt to claim most of the ancient airs as springing from their own country or countrymen, I venture to quote from a letter written by Robert Burns to his friend and publisher Thomson in 1793, when a National Collection of Scottish Songs was in progress.

"Your Irish airs are pretty, but they are downright Irish. If they were like the 'Banks of Banna' for instance, though really Irish, yet in the Scottish taste, you might adopt them. Since you are so fond of Irish music, what say you to twenty-five of them in an additional number? We could easily find this quantity of charming airs: I will take care that you shall not want songs; and I assure you you would find it the most saleable of the whole." While Thomson admits in a letter to Burns, February 5th, 1796, the high quality of Irish melodies, he annexes them, at the same time reconciling himself to the act of spoliation in this way:

"We have several true-born Irishmen on the

Scottish list, but they are *now naturalized and reckoned our own good subjects. Indeed, we have none better.*"

For the rest, I have been impartial and given honour where I have honestly believed or discovered it to be due.

In treating of the history and origin of these Famous Songs, not only of our own country but of other lands, it has seemed inevitable that I should begin with "Home, Sweet Home," and end with the much-discussed "God Save the King." It also seems imperative that I should refer to that frequently quoted Fletcher of Saltoun and his well-worn aphorism about making the ballads of a country. "Poets," as Emerson has finely said, "should be lawgivers; that is, the boldest lyric inspiration should not chide or insult, but should commence and lead the civil code and the day's work." It was in reference to this class of song that Fletcher of Saltoun, in his "Account of a Conversation concerning the right Regulations of Governments for the common good of mankind," uttered his famous dictum, or rather repeated it, to the Earl of Montrose, in 1703: "The poorer sort of both sexes," he exclaimed, "are daily tempted to all manner of wickedness by infamous ballads sung in every corner of the streets.

I know," he continues, "a very wise man that believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, we need not care who should make the laws of a nation. And we find that most of the ancient legislators thought they could not well reform the manners of any city without the help of a lyric, and sometimes of a dramatic poet." It is certain that our songs have not only made history of themselves but for those who have sung and listened to them. Moreover, song and ballad making has ever been held in the highest repute by all classes, and still remains one of the best testimonials to man's sterling quality and literary capacity. Though, as the Russian proverb has it, "It is not every song that is sung to its last verse."

In this volume I have given as many of the Welsh as I found tolerably general; and though the information concerning American songs is surprisingly difficult to obtain this side of the Atlantic, and rather scant when secured, I think I have succeeded in saying something about most of the old favourites known in Great Britain. I have not included any songs from the Isle of Man, as they do not seem to me to be, except in a few instances, sufficiently distinctive. Besides, they are mostly unknown outside the Island, and do not possess any start-

ling novelty in the way of origin. At the same time I would like to draw consideration to a useful collection of "Manx National Songs," edited by W. H. Gill, and published in 1896. I should also like to direct attention to that monumental work in eight volumes, "English Minstrelsie," edited by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, as being the most comprehensive collection of English songs ever published.

That I could have extended this volume into many without going beyond my originally conceived scheme, will be patent to all who know anything of the existence of the unexplored and half explored mines of literary and antiquarian wealth of this fascinating subject. I trust I have at least succeeded in drawing a larger attention to the principal gems than can possibly be secured by more learned and exclusive publications devoted to the entertaining themes of songs and music. "My true intent is all for your delight."

Chaucer gives a character to the Knight in the "Canterbury Tales" by saying: "He could songes make, and wel indite;" and that arch rascal, Falstaff, exclaims: "I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here," for the pleasures of a sweet song have no end. And though many poets "learn

in sorrow what they teach in song," they at any rate teach what we are glad to know and appreciate. Great Britain for many hundred years, has been singularly rich in songs, ballads, and madrigals of all kinds; May Day songs, Christmas carols, Easter and Whitsun madrigals, catches, canons, roundels and lyrics of high life and humble life; Shakespeare's and Ben Jonson's incomparable lyrics, to say nothing of the love-lyrics of other Elizabethan masters of verse and the Cavalier poets; and writers of all ages, English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh: no other nation can show such variety, such charm as we favoured Britons possess in our countless melodies.

If words were given us to conceal our thoughs, music must have been given us to express them, to turn our tears to laughter and our laughter to tears; to make our brief joys long and our worst sorrows brief. For what more thrilling voice is there than the voice of music—the voice of all our passions blended into witching melody or soul-inspiring harmony?

The most popular and the most appreciated music with all classes is the music of Song. Tender words wedded to sympathetic music will do more to move the multitude than all the

wealth promises of the Indies. And though few seek to know the origin of the songs that please them, the telling of the tale always adds to their attraction. Of course there are many ballads that have lived through all the ages, many more that have yet to be handed to posterity, that have no tangible history at all, that are simply the glorious outcome of the poet's fancy and the composer's art, but there are also many that were born of pain, perhaps misery, of patriotism, and of love, and of many of these I have endeavoured to tell.

S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald.

Wimbledon,
August, 1897.

Stories of Famous Songs

CHAPTER I

"HOME, SWEET HOME"

"HOME, Sweet Home," which is so essentially an English song in sentiment and feeling, was, curiously enough, written by an American, John Howard Payne. Perhaps though, as he was a nomad the greater part of his feverish existence, it were fitter to describe him as a Cosmopolitan, for truly, in any case, Art is ever cosmopolitan. But the song was first sung in an English opera, or operatic melodrama, entitled "Clari, the Maid of Milan," the words being written by John Howard Payne, and the music composed and arranged by Sir Henry Bishop, who was decidedly English. Of this song it has been well asserted by Dr. Charles Mackay, that it is not too much to say that it "has done more than statesmanship or legislation to keep alive in the hearts of the people the virtues that flourish at the fireside, and to recall to its hal-

lowed circle the wanderers who stray from it."

Round both words and music of this evergreen song, controversy has raged for years, but I think by what follows, which is all based on the most reliable information, I shall be able to set these differences at rest for ever. Of the words of the opera of "Clari" I think there can be no doubt whatever of their having emanated from Howard Payne, though the biographer of M. J. O'Sullivan, a dramatic author and contemporary of Payne's, asserts that he (O'Sullivan) had a hand in the composition. But I have been unable to trace any grounds for the claim. Payne undoubtedly wrote the lyric, though I have often wondered whether the unfortunate author of this very sweet song—a song that will only cease to live when all Nature is dead and Time is no more—ever read the old holiday and breaking-up song "Dulce Domum," so popular at Winchester School, for it certainly contains many of the elements of Payne's plaintive ballad. Here is the first verse with its chorus:

"Sing a sweet melodious measure,
Waft enchanting rays around,
Home! a theme replete with pleasure,
Home! a grateful theme resound.

"Home, sweet home! an ample treasure,
Home! with every blessing crown'd.
Home! perpetual source of pleasure,
Home! a noble strain resound."

Brand says, in speaking of "Dulce Domum," which was originally written in Latin, and was translated into English by a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for March 1796, that "it is doubtless of very remote antiquity," and that its origin must be traced "not to any ridiculous tradition, but to the tenderest feelings of human nature." The story runs as follows: Upwards of two hundred and fifty years ago, a scholar of St. Mary's College, Winchester, was confined for some misconduct by order of the master, just previous to the Whitsuntide vacation, and was not permitted to visit his friends. He was kept a prisoner in the college, tied to a pillar. His reflections on the enjoyments of home inspired him to compose "Dulce Domum." The student must have been of a very sensitive nature, for he died soon after, "worn down with grief at the disgraceful situation he was in," as well as disappointment. In commemoration of the event, on the evening preceding the Whitsun holidays, the masters, scholars, and choristers of St. Mary's College, attended by a band of music, walk in procession round the court and

the pillar to which it is alleged the scholar was tied, and chant the verses which he composed in his affliction.

Payne, as far as can be gathered, wrote the words of "Home, Sweet Home" one dreary day in October, 1822, while he was far from home in Paris. John Howard Payne was the son of William Payne, a schoolmaster who was favourably known as an elocutionist in New York, where young Payne was born on April 1, 1791. Much against the desire of his father, the future author abandoned commerce, for which he was intended, and took to the precarious profession of actor. He was not without ability, for he made a very successful first appearance at the Park Theatre, New York, in the character of Norval, in "Douglas," in February, 1807. For some years Payne continued to act in various parts of America, and occasionally contributed articles to New York papers and journals. Not satisfied with his success in America, he was anxious to learn the verdict of a British audience. He entered the English metropolis with excellent credentials, having letters of introduction to Lord Byron, John Kemble, Coleridge, and other celebrities of the day. In 1813 he made his bow at Drury Lane Theatre, choosing for his *début* his former *rôle* of Norval,

From the painting by George B. Wood

HOME OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND

and, according to all accounts, he greatly pleased the critics as well as the playgoers. But it was very difficult in those days to continue a favourite with the fickle public, nothing short of a genius—which Payne was not—being required to satisfy their desires. So after a while Payne exchanged acting for writing, and took to translating French melodramas and operettas. The "Maid and the Magpie" was his first offering, and it enjoyed a fair meed of favour at Covent Garden Theatre. Edmund Kean made "Brutus," a tragedy by Payne, a success by the force of his subtle and powerful acting. Charles Kemble also acted in Payne's "Charles II.," a whimsical comedy revived as a first piece some years ago at the Lyceum. "Love in Humble Life" from the French by Payne is occasionally played in the provinces, but very few of his pieces exhibited any great literary skill or power.

As to "Home, Sweet Home," only two verses of the song were sung originally. These were slightly altered and sung by Miss Maria Tree in "Clari, the Maid of Milan," also an adaptation, of the virtuous peasant and villainous lord order. For this, however, Payne received from Charles Kemble £250, no mean sum in those days of short runs. The piece was produced at

Covent Garden Theatre on May the 8th, 1823, and continued to hold the boards at intervals for some years. The music of this "musical drama"—there were only six numbers—was composed by Henry Bishop, and the melody of "Home, Sweet Home" was said to have been adapted from a Sicilian air, but this is erroneous. Miss Tree created quite a *furore* by her singing of the touching melody, and the words going straight to the hearts of the audience, it was not long before the song became marvellously popular all over the country, soon to penetrate to the farthermost parts of the world. It is stated that more than 300,000 copies of the song were sold the first year of publication.

Now in regard to the words of "Home, Sweet Home," nearly twenty years after the author's death, when the subject of the music was being discussed, there appeared in the London "Daily Telegraph," a letter signed J. R. Planche, in which the writer asserted that with the full consent of the author, "I undertook the revision of it (the play). I cut nearly a third of the dialogue, which was of terrific length. The ballad in question ('Home, Sweet Home,') consisted originally of two verses of eight lines each. I reduced them to four: and at the suggestion of Mr. Bishop added the refrain of

'home, sweet home.'" And yet, Mr. Planche allows Payne to have the full right and honour of the authorship of the words all his life, and not till twenty years after his death does he come forward with his claim. But long before this Michael John O'Sullivan, a journalist and writer of plays, gave it out that he not only wrote the song, but also the opera of "Clari"! Of course it would be quite logical for a theatrical manager to pay an author two hundred and fifty pounds for a work he did not write!—the sum that Kemble paid Payne for a piece that was written, according to their version, by Mr. Planche and Mr. O'Sullivan—not in collaboration, but separately! And not only that. They allowed Payne's name to appear nightly in the bills and to be advertised on the song, and advertised on the book of the words, as published by Lacy in the Strand. Here is the title-page. "Clari, the Maid of Milan! A musical drama, in two acts, by John Howard Payne, Author of 'Brutus,' 'The Lancers,' 'Love in Humble Life,' 'Charles the Second,' 'Ali Pacha,' etc., etc." I think that should settle the matter. O'Sullivan's claim may be dismissed forthwith. As for Mr. Planche, we fancy his memory was playing him a trick—he was over eighty-two when he wrote the letter quoted

above, and after the lapse of sixty years an incident may get entangled with something else. Payne was a personal and intimate friend of Kemble's, and it does not seem at all probable that he would permit any one but the author to hack about the piece he was producing.

Before continuing with Payne's life, let me explain the origin of the melody, as related by the late Charles Mackay, who wrote to a London paper a long letter on the subject, affirming distinctly that Sir Henry Bishop did compose the air. Said Dr. Mackay, "During the process of our (Sir Henry's and his own) work on the National Melodies of England, I was thrown into friendly and constant intercourse with that gentleman. During one of our many conversations on well-known English melodies, I took occasion to ask for information on the subject of 'Home, Sweet Home,' the authorship of which was often attributed to him and as often denied by many who claimed it as a national Sicilian air which Sir Henry had disinterred and re-arranged. He thereupon favoured me with the whole history. He had been engaged in his early manhood by the once eminent firm of Goulding, D'Almaine and Co., musical publishers, of Soho Square, to edit a collection of National Melodies of all countries. In the

course of his labours he discovered that he had no Sicilian air, and as a Sicilian melody had been announced Sir Henry thought he would invent one. The result was the now well-known air of 'Home, Sweet Home,' which he arranged to the verses of Howard Payne. Pirates were in the field as now, and believing the air to be Sicilian and non-copyright, they commenced issuing the song in a cheaper form, but Messrs. Goulding, D'Almaine and Co., brought actions against the offenders and won the day on the sworn evidence of Sir Henry Bishop, who declared himself to be the inventor of the same." This should decide the matter for all time.

To return to Payne. After the success of "Clari" affairs seemed to have gone badly with him, for in the year 1832 we find him in New York having a "benefit" got up for him at the Park Theatre to start him afresh. He then subsisted on the income derived from journalistic work until he was appointed Consul at Tunis, but he soon lost this appointment owing to the change of government, and he once more contributed to the Press. However, some good friends used their influence and, in consideration of the fact that he was the first American dramatist who had made any name at all, Payne was eventually reinstated at Tunis. But he

had barely undertaken the duties a twelvemonth when he died, on his sixty-first birthday, in 1852, and was buried at Tunis. His remains, after a lapse of more than thirty years, were removed to Oak Cemetery, Washington, where a monument, erected by public subscription, marks the spot where rest his ashes. In Tunis, by the way, there was still, some ten years back, a tomb in the Protestant burying ground with the following inscription: "In memory of Colonel John Howard Payne, twice Consul of the United States of America for the city and kingdom of Tunis, this stone is here placed by a grateful Country. He died in the American Consulate in this City after a tedious illness April 1st, 1852." And then particulars were given of his birth in the City of Massachusetts, and spoke of his merits as a poet and dramatist. Round the tombstone were engraved the following lines:

"Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angel said:
Welcome to Heaven's Home, Sweet Home."

And now I append "Home, Sweet Home," as it was first written:

"'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to carry us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

"An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds sing gaily that came at my call—
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all,
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

"How sweet, too, to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile,
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me! the pleasures of home!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

"To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest face will smile on me there,
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home."

The sweet sadness that pervades this simple little domestic poem is exquisitely expressive of the melancholy felt by poor Payne when he penned the lines, alone, in a foreign country (he was stranded in Paris at the time) away from all that he held dear.

Payne, I may add, was an intimate friend of Charles Lamb, who conducted much of his play business in London for him, while he was abroad.

A pleasing incident recorded by the "Philadelphia Record" may fittingly close this account. "No common poet ever received a more enviable compliment than one paid to John Howard Payne by Jenny Lind, on his last visit to his native land. It was in the great National Hall of the City of Washington where the most distinguished audience that had ever been seen in the capital of the Republic was assembled. The matchless singer entranced the vast throng with her most exquisite melodies—'Casta Diva' the 'Flute Song,' the 'Bird Song,' and the 'Greeting to America.' But the great feature of the occasion seemed to be an act of inspiration. The singer suddenly turned her face to the part of the auditorium where Payne was sitting and sang 'Home, Sweet Home,' with such pathos and power that a whirlwind of excitement and enthusiasm swept through the vast audience. Webster himself almost lost his self-control, and one might readily imagine that Payne thrilled with rapture at this unexpected and magnificent rendition of his own immortal lyric."

CHAPTER II

"ROBIN ADAIR AND EILEEN AROON"

PERHAPS in the whole range of songs new and old, none is so popular as the plaintive "Robin Adair," the air of which is based upon the very ancient melody of "Eileen Aroon," a piece that dates back to very early times indeed. At a venture I would suggest about 1450, when *living* money was still in use, as in the first stanza the hero says he would spend a *cow* to entertain his lady love. It is only fair to add, however, that some authorities think it is no older than the sixteenth century. In any case it was a favourite with the majority of the Irish harpers and wandering minstrels, and most emphatically it is not of Scottish origin, as one or two writers have imagined. The curious thing about the song is that the words of both versions, "Eileen Aroon" (Ellen, the treasure of my heart), and "Robin Adair" were the outcome of very romantic circumstances. I shall deal with each, and I shall also give the history of the ancient and the modern song. Let me speak of the

music first. The melody was taken down in 1792 by Edward Bunting (though already a variation of the same had been secured by Lyons in 1702) who has done so much to preserve the music of Old Ireland, from the playing of a famous harper, Denis à Hampsy, or Hempson. Hempson was born in 1695, and lived to the great age of one hundred and twelve years, having died in 1807. He was a well-known character, sober and respectable (unlike some of the itinerant harpers) and was greatly respected. Lord Bristol, when "the minstrel was infirm and old," gave a ground rent free, and paid for a house to be erected for him; and in his declining days Hempson was looked after and literally fed by the Rev. Sir H. Harvey Bruce, who was with him at his death. Hempson died with the harp in his hand after having struck a few notes on one of his best pieces—in all probability the ravishing, soul-breathing "Eileen." From first to last this player's life was full of interest and is worth penning. The dates which I have given should be borne in mind, in order that the nationality of the air may be settled once for all.

At the age of about eighteen, having been a harper from the age of twelve (he lost his sight at three through small-pox) Hempson com-

menced a tour of Ireland and Scotland which lasted until 1716. Now the Scotch claimed the melody, and published it to the British public under the name of "Robin Adair" about 1800. The grounds for this assumption, Hardiman informs us in his "Irish Minstrelsy," published in 1831, appear in the correspondence between Robert Burns and his publisher, Thomson, in 1793. The latter, in a letter to the bard, wishes him to give "Robin Adair" (meaning of course "Eileen Aroon") a Scottish dress. "Peter (Pindar) is furnishing him with an English suit. Robin's air is excellent, though he certainly has an out-of-the-way manner as ever poor Parnassian wight was plagued with." In reply Burns says that he believes the air to be Scotch, having heard it played by a man from Inverness, so that "it could not be Irish" (the question had arisen between them) though he admits that through the wandering habits of the minstrels, the air might be common to both. As a matter of fact, it was Hempson who carried the air to Scotland between 1710 and 1716, and the Highland minstrels annexed it. During his second visit to Scotland, in 1745, Hempson was taken into the Young Pretender's presence by Colonel Kelly of Roscommon, and Sir Thomas Sheridan, when he played and sang "When the King

shall enjoy his own again" as a compliment to Charles Edward. He also played "Coolin," "The Dawning of the Day," "Eileen Aroon," "Cean dubh dilis," etc.; so there is no doubt as to how so many of the Irish melodies, including "Maggie Lauder," came to be numbered amongst the Scottish national airs. Thus it was only natural that when Burns was asked to dress "Robin Adair" in the kilt, he should have already heard the song. But, for some reason unknown, Burns did not write or rewrite the words, though the erudite Dr. Charles Mackay assumes that he did, as those interested will gather from the "Royal Edition of Songs of Scotland" still published. Again, Robin Adair was a real personage, an Irishman, but not the ancestor of Viscount Molesworth, as is generally believed, who lived at Holly Park, in the County of Wicklow. This was another Robin Adair, who had no connection with the song, though tradition has tried to fix it so. At Bray, in Wicklow, by the way, there is still a "Robin Adair's" well. This Robin's house stood at the foot of the great Sugar-loaf mountain (properly Slieve Cullinn). The real Robin Adair was most likely a grandson of Patrick Adair of Ballymena, County Antrim, whose son, Sir Robert, married four times and had

many children, and Robin might have been one of these. Adair, I may state, is most essentially Irish, and as "old as the hills," or perhaps I should say trees, as the name is derived from Diarmaid and Diarmah—the good Dair, the oak—there are other variants, but the meaning and etymology are the same. Adair, therefore, means "of the oak."

The true story of "Eileen Aroon" appears almost word for word in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1827, and in "Hardiman's Minstrelsy" of 1831. It is as follows: Carol O'Daly, commonly called "Mac Caomh Insi Cneamha," brother to Donogh More O'Daly, a man of much consequence in Connaught, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Eileen, or Ellen as we should say now, the daughter of a Chieftain named Kavanagh; she was a lovely and amiable young lady who returned his affection, but her friends disapproved of the connection, for, it is believed, political reasons. Carol O'Daly was obliged to leave the country for a time, and her family availed themselves of the opportunity, which his absence afforded, of imposing upon Eileen a belief in his (supposed) faithlessness, and of his having gone to be mar-

ried to another; and after some time they prevailed upon her to consent to marry a rival of O'Daly's. The day was fixed for the nuptials, but O'Daly returned the evening before. Under the first influence of his disappointment, he sought a wild sequestered spot on the sea-shore, and inspired by love, composed the song of "Eileen Aroon." Disguised as a harper he gained access among the crowd that thronged to the wedding. It happened that he was called by Eileen herself to play and sing. It was then touching the harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the interesting and dramatic occasion incited, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his "softened strain" the very soul of plaintive melody. In the first stanza he intimates, according to Irish idiom, that he would walk with her, that is, be her partner for life, or constant lover for life. In the second, that he would entertain, and afford her every delight; and then he continues:

"Then wilt thou come away?
Eileen à Roon!
O wilt thou come or stay?
Eileen à Roon."

She soon felt the power of his eloquent plead- and answered, by signs, in the affirmative,

having long recognized him. Then he bursts out rapturously;

"Cead mille failte!
Eileen à Roon!
Cead mille failte!
Eileen à Roon."

And still with more welcomes and ecstasies he greets her, and to reward his fidelity, she contrives to elope with him that same night—the night before the intended marriage with his rival, and of course they lived happily ever after. It may be noted that the well-known motto of Irish hospitality, *Cead mille failte*—a a hundred thousand welcomes—was taken from this song. It is related that Handel extravagantly declared that he would rather have been the composer of this exquisite air than of all the music he had written. And so enchanted with it was Signor Tenducci, a distinguished singer who sang in the Italian Operas in London and Dublin, that he resolved upon studying the Irish language, and become master of it, which proves that the Signor heard the original composition.

Guisto Ferdinand Tenducci was born about 1736, and first sang in London in 1758, when he at once became the idol of the fashionable world and was invited out everywhere to private

parties and At-Homes. Doubtless he met Lady Caroline Keppel at one of the great houses, and we hear of him singing first "Eileen Aroon," and then "Robin Adair," at Ranelagh Gardens in 1762, presumably with Lady Catharine's words. Tenducci was quite a spoiled darling, and lived very wastefully. He ran through one fortune and nearly made another. He died early in the present century, at his native place in Italy. It may be added that in the days of Elizabeth "Eileen Aroon" was sung by a large majority of the people in the streets. There is a curious similarity, by the way, between "Eileen Aroon" and the melody Scott's "Lochnivar" used to be sung to.

In the west and other parts of Ireland the peasantry still sing "Eileen" and will have nothing to do with the modern song. It may be mentioned that the tribe of O'Daly furnished several bards of celebrity. Donogh More O'Daly, Lord Abbot of Boyle in 1244, was a famous poet, emphatically styled the Ovid of Ireland, from the sweetly flowing melody of his verse.

Now we come to Robin Adair. The real Robin was a native of Ballymena, County Antrim, and in all probability a descendant of the Desmond Fitz-Geralds, "the mighty Geraldines."

His father was probably made a knight-baronet after the battle of the Boyne. The new version of the song was written about 1750 by Lady Caroline Keppel to Robert, or Robin Adair, with whom she was deeply in love. I will repeat the story as it is handed down.

About a century and a half ago, an impulsive young Irishman named Robert Adair, who was studying in Dublin for the medical profession, got into some scrape, and as he possessed little money and few friends, the only way he saw out of the difficulty was flight. So he speedily quitted Dublin and made his way to Holyhead, with the intention of going to that golden city of ambitious youth, London. Post travelling in those days was very expensive, and when Adair reached Holyhead, he discovered that his purse was as light as his heart; consequently he had nothing to do but accept the inevitable, and so he manfully set out to walk to the metropolis. He had not gone far when he came upon a carriage that had been overturned, for the roads at that time were in a horrible condition. The owner and occupant of the vehicle a well-known leader of fashionable society, was greatly alarmed at the accident, and had besides, received some slight personal injury. Adair, like a true Irishman, at once offered his

services, and in a very short space of time had the carriage righted, and the lady, carefully attended to. Adair was a very handsome and aristocratic young fellow, and notwithstanding that his dress might have been of finer texture and in better condition, he had a striking appearance. With ready frankness he soon explained that he was a surgeon, and begged permission to examine into the extent of the lady's injuries. An examination soon showed that they were of merely a trifling nature—that the nerves were more upset than the body hurt. Adair then took the opportunity to explain that he was on his way to London to endeavour to make a name in the profession he had chosen, and as the fair lady was still apprehensive of unknown dangers, and still felt the effect of the shock, she offered the vivacious young Irishman a seat in her carriage as a protector, for she herself was travelling to the metropolis when the accident occurred. He was only too delighted to accept the proffered kindness, and very soon restored his travelling companion to health and good spirits. Arrived in London she presented him with a hundred guineas, and invited him to come to her house as often as he pleased.

Robin Adair was a wise and energetic young man, and took full advantage of the lucky turn

in his fortunes to study assiduously, and soon, with the assistance of his patroness, acquired a good connection in the best end of the town. He was frequently at the dances given by this lady and others, he being a graceful dancer, a good conversationalist, and a man of considerable natural ability. One night, at a party, he found that his partner was Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. It was a case of love at first sight —mutual love; and Lady Caroline's attachment was as sincere as it was sudden; they were the observed of all the guests; and after a few meetings the relations were in despair. The young couple, however, continued to meet again and again, and their affection ripened into an intense passion. Her kinsfolk were stupefied with amazement. Were they to allow an unknown Irishman to carry off the flower of their flock, the beautiful Caroline? They set their wits to work to try and persuade her to give him up. But all in vain. Handsome heirs of the oldest and stiffest families were prevailed upon to woo her, but she would not listen to them. She was sent abroad to see if travel would alter her determination and cure her "folly," but without avail, and gradually she fell ill. When she was at Bath for the benefit of

her health, she wrote the verses now so popular, and adapted them to the melody of "Eileen Aroon," which Robin Adair had doubtless often sung to her. At last the separation from Adair and the importunities of her relatives caused her to become so dangerously ill, that, upon the doctors despairing of her life, and seeing the disease was more of the heart and mind than of the flesh, the union of the faithful pair was consented to.

The event was duly notified in the "Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence" thus: "February 22nd, 1758, Robert Adair, Esq., to the Right Honourable the Lady Caroline Keppel." This was the culminating point in the pretty love story. A short time after his marriage Adair was appointed Inspector-General of Military Hospitals through the influence of his wife's relations; nor did his good luck end here, for the King, being taken with Adair's agreeable manner and undoubted skill made him Surgeon-General, King's Sergeant-Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Good fortune did not spoil him, and he continued to work hard at his profession, and the King was so greatly gratified at the successful way in which he treated the Duke of Gloucester, that he offered to make him a baronet; Adair, how-

ever, declined. Adored and admired by all who knew him, he lived to the ripe old age of eighty, and his death was deeply lamented. Lady Caroline, however, who did not enjoy good health, died after giving birth to their third child. Knowing how devotedly attached her husband was to her, she felt he would not marry again, and she was right. Except on State occasions, when he was obliged to don Court costume, he wore mourning in remembrance of his love and his wife, until he died in 1790, when he was buried with her in the family vault. Their only son, the Right Honourable Sir Robert Adair, died in 1855 at the advanced age of ninety-two, after a brilliant career, having proved himself a very capable diplomatist. The only part of this story which appears in any way doubtful, as far as reliable data go, concerns the episode on the road to London. For the rest the writing of the song, and the marriage with Lady Keppel are perfectly accurate, and Robin Adair was well known in London society as "the lucky Irishman" and was often so addressed by George III.

This sketch would hardly be complete without the words of the song, and I here append the lyric as originally written by Lady Caroline at Bath, and wrongfully attributed to Burns.

"What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near;
He, whom I wish to see,
Wish so to hear.
Where's all the joy and mirth,
Made life a heaven on earth?
O! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

"What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair!
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there!
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
O! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

"But now thou'rt far from me,
Robin Adair!
And now I never see
Robin Adair!
Yet he I love so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell;
O! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair."

There are other versions, notably one commencing "Welcome on Shore, again;" and a ridiculous parody "Welcome to Punchestown, Johnny Adair," but the above is the true one. In the British Museum there are three copies of the music of "Eileen Aroon" (circa 1740).

"Robin Adair" was published just about the time of Lady Caroline's marriage. In later years Braham adapted and sang it. The air of "Eileen Aroon" has been claimed by the Welsh as well as the Scottish, John Parry pretending that it dates from 1755 or 1760. In 1770 was issued a work called "A Collection of Favourite Scots tunes, by the late Mr. Chas. McLean," in which "*A*ileen à Roon" appeared according to Mr. Alfred Moffat and in other collections of earlier date, but as already stated Hempson introduced it into Scotland when a youth, about 1710. It was popular with the people everywhere in England and Scotland, as well as in its native country Ireland, towards the close of the seventeenth century. Though Burns failed to fit words to the beautiful melody of "Robin Adair," others succeeded, notably Gerald Griffin, who called his lines after the original Irish *Ebhlin à Ruin.* In Walker's "Irish Bards" (1786), the tune will be found in all its primitive purity. As far as I have been able to discover, the incidents related have not been turned to account on the stage as a play, though "Eileen Aroon" has formed the basis of many a story.

CHAPTER III

"AULD LANG SYNE"

"AULD LANG SYNE," though it owes its birth to Scotchmen and to Scotland, has been so popular for quite a hundred years with English-speaking people all the world over, that it may fairly rank as a lyric of universal sentiment and universal nationality. But contrary to the general belief, which, it must be acknowledged, editors of Burns's works have done their best to foster, "Auld Lang Syne" was not written by the author of "Tam O'Shanter." And, as a matter of history, Burns never once claimed the song as his, only his misguided and over-anxious friends and worshippers have done this, and consequently much confusion has arisen over the subject. It so happens that, like many another ballad that lives in the hearts of the people, this essentially human song was written by a writer unknown, who may perhaps have never written anything else worth remembering. In Scotland, as in Ireland, and to a lesser extent in England and Wales, many of the humbler

folk possess the gift of making homely verses, and many a piece has found its way into the world anonymously, to find a reciprocating welcome in many a heart and home. But, though Burns did not write this song, which is included in nearly every collection of his poems published, he was the first to give it to the world in the form which we now know and sing it. Indeed, many pieces have been attributed to Burns which he never wrote; the text of Burns has been as much tampered with, perhaps, as that of any ancient or classic author, and requires to be as carefully revised. This, unfortunately, is true not only with respect to words and phrases, but with respect to whole stanzas and poems erroneously ascribed to him and regularly included in the posthumous editions of his works. It would not be difficult to enumerate at least a dozen pieces in some of the best editions which are certainly not by him. Many injudicious Burnsites have been too anxious to overexalt a reputation that already stood and stands as high almost as any poet could wish. It was Carlyle's fancy to represent Burns as an illiterate prodigy who, without models, or with models only of the meanest sort, attained by sheer force of native talent to a foremost place in contemporary literature; but this is all wrong; Burns

studied the best models, and particularly did he follow in the footsteps of Goldsmith. Burns drew his inspiration from both English and Scottish literary sources, and he had a singular aptitude for seeing possibilities in bald and badly expressed conceptions. Burns was decidedly inventive in a large degree, but his gift of expression was far greater than his power of original thought. However, it is not of Burns's genius that I wish to write—that has long been acknowledged—but of "Auld Lang Syne" and his connection therewith. Naturally the phrase is of the heather born, and even the quaint lexicographer, old Jamieson, could not help growing sentimental over the soothing words, in his "Scottish Dictionary": "To a native of the country," he says, "it conveys a soothing idea to the mind, as recalling the memory of joys that are past." It "compresses into small and euphonious measure much of the tender recollection of one's youth which, even to middle-aged men, seems to be brought from a very distant but very dear past." "Auld Lang Syne," be it remembered, was a phrase in use in very early times, and it can be traced to the days of Elizabeth, in connection with the social feelings and the social gatherings of the Scot; as a convivial and friendly song it existed in broadsides

prior to the close of the seventeenth century. An early version of the song is to be found in James Watson's collection of Scottish Songs, published in 1711, and it will be seen from the verses quoted below, that Burns very spiritedly changed the weak periphrasis of the old poet into the tender and beautiful phrase so peculiarly pathetic and Scotch:

"Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon,
The flame of love extinguished
And fairly past and gone?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold,
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long syne."

Here we have a very fine idea badly expressed —the touch of sincerity seems lacking, whilst the art is commonplace. This stanza is from a poem written by Sir Robert Ayton (1570–1638) of Kincaldie. He was the friend of Ben Jonson and other Elizabethan writers, very likely Shakespeare himself. Sir Robert undoubtedly obtained the phrase from current idiomatic expressions. He wrote several pieces of minor power. Allan Ramsay, who, before the advent of Burns, was making an encouraging reputation as a writer of verses and a compiler of old songs

and ballads, soon seized upon the rough lyric —believed to have been "polished" by Francis Sempill, of Beltrees—and destroyed the intention of the original, as may be observed from this verse, in which Ramsay casts good-fellowship overboard, and makes love the keynote:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with scars,
These are the noble hero's lot,
Obtained in glorious wars;
Welcome my Vara, to my breast,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest
As I was lang syne."

This song of honest Allan's was first printed in his "Tea-Table Miscellany" in 1724, from which it was transferred to Johnson's "Musical Museum," published during Burns's sojourn in the Scottish capital. Allan Ramsay's lyric is not so bad as many have tried to make out, and as a love-song was very popular for a long time. Burns, who was partly responsible for the editing of the "Musical Museum" for Johnson, in which so many ancient pieces first saw the light as printed matter, made many annotations and alterations, and of "Auld Lang Syne" he wrote: "Ramsay here, as usual with him, has taken the idea of the song and the first line

from the old fragment which will appear in the 'Museum,' vol. v." Of this "old fragment" I shall have something to say later. But it may be as well to state that it is very evident that there were several verbal versions of this song long known to the peasantry and others of Caledonia stern and wild. It was decidedly a folk-song, and though it is not easy to conjecture when, or how "Auld Lang Syne" arose as a form of speech or song, its introduction into literature is not so problematical. Somewhat more than a century ago—on the 17th December, 1788—Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, the daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, and a descendant of the heroic race of Elderslie, received from Burns a letter, in which the following passages occurred: "Your meeting, which you so well describe, with your old schoolfellow and friend, was truly interesting. Out upon the ways of the world! they spoil these social offsprings of the heart. Two veterans of the world would have met with little more heart-workings than two old hacks worn out on the road. Apropos, is not the Scot's phrase, 'Auld Lang Syne' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast on old Scot songs. I shall give you

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the verses." And he enclosed the words of "Auld Lang Syne" as we know them, and unless Burns was wilfully concealing fact, he only trimmed the lines and did not originate or write the lyric. He continues somewhat extravagantly: "Light lie the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than half-a-dozen modern English bacchanalians." Burns would hardly write like this about himself and his work, so we may take it that he only preserved it from forgetfulness.

Three years afterwards, when sending the song to George Thomson, his publisher, and the editor of another collection of miscellaneous songs, he writes, "One song more, and I am done—'Auld Lang Syne.' The air is but mediocre, but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air."

On the face of it, though many writers have denied that Burns was telling the truth in writing the above, the poet gives us the real origin and rescue of the song from oblivion. There is not the slightest doubt that Burns

polished and improved the words and made the song more singable and consistent, and there is not the slightest doubt that he did take it down, in a rough state, perhaps, from the lips of some old minstrel—they were just dying out then—or wandering bag piper, as he avowedly took down so many other songs. Now Burns has had many pieces credited to him which he never acknowledged himself, and Burns was not the writer to deny himself the least claim to fame or celebrity. The fact is that Burns communicated in words and music more than sixty songs, "begged, borrowed or stolen," as he jocularly declares, to make up the "Museum." Besides which, a great number of his own finest songs carried no signature, and it is therefore not wonderful that some confusion should have occasionally occurred in allocating a few of the borrowed ones. For instance, "Comin thro' the Rye" ("Gin a body meet a body") is attributed by Joseph Skipsey to the poet, while another editor says he wrote "Could aught of Song"—pieces that were anonymous long before Burns's time! It seems to me that we have no right whatever to assume that Burns was deliberately deceiving both Mrs. Dunlop and Mr. Thomson as to the authorship of the song. Anyhow, the words—of the

music I shall speak presently—duly made their appearance in their final form in 1794, and are as follows:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

"For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

"We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

"We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

"And here's a hand my trusty fere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a right guid-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

"And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."

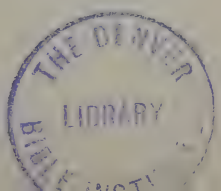
It may be noted that between the version given to Mrs. Dunlop and Johnson and that issued by Thomson there is one important difference in the sequence of the stanzas. In Johnson's publication the last verse is placed as the second, and this arrangement was used for some years, but the order of the stanzas, as given above, is obviously correct, though we fear that there are not many people who could repeat the song right off, much as they rave about it. Generally speaking, after the first and second verses, the singing of the song is abandoned, as so few know it.

As to the meaning of "willie-waught," several opinions have been offered. However, in a collection of Scotch songs, published by Blackie and Son in 1843, the words "guid" or "gude" and "willie" are joined together by a hyphen, which means, will take a right good-willing (God-be-with-you) draught—the draught of good-will and friendship. The grasping of hands in the same verse seems pretty strong proof that that is its meaning. By the way, in the "Museum" the words are signed with a "Z" signifying that it is an old song with additions and alterations. The first, fourth and fifth verses are undeniably fragments of an old ditty; the second and third verses betray the

tenderness and sentiment of the poet himself, and these we are inclined to accept as being by Burns.

And now as to the music of this fine old song. The original air, which Burns pronounced to be mediocre, was soon abandoned, and one said to be from "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas," which, in its turn, was taken from a Strathspey dance tune called "The Miller's Wedding," was used in its stead, and is given in Bremner's "Collection of Scots Reels," 1759. The tune bears a strong resemblance to "Comin' thro' the Rye," "Oh hey, Johnnie lad," and "For the sake of Somebody." To come to the point at once, the melody to which the lyric is now sung was beyond dispute composed by William Shield, who was born at Durham, 1748, and buried in Westminster Abbey in 1829. He wrote the music of thirty-five operas, operettas, dramas and pantomimes, and to such favourite old songs as "Old Towler," "The Thorn," "The Wolf," "The Heaving of the Lead," "Arethusa," "The Post Captain" and "Auld Lang Syne." A writer in the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle," early in December 1891, said: "I have been privileged to read the correspondence between Dr. Bruce and Mr. Chappell, the learned author of 'Popular Music in the Olden Times,' on

this subject, and I am firmly convinced that the opinion of both Dr. Bruce and Mr. Chappell is fully borne out by historical facts, that the air of 'Auld Lang Syne' was first published in the opera composed by Shield. The opera (in question) of 'Rosina' was first brought out on December 31st, 1782. It met with great success; the overture—in which occurs the melody of 'Auld Lang Syne'—was published separately in 1783, and the air became popular as a pianoforte piece, and, being thoroughly vocal, afforded others the opportunity of setting words to it, which Shield did not do himself." This is the first date of the air, and this, there is every reason to believe, was the air which Thomson used in his collection. No doubt other words, as indicated above, had already been adapted to the melody, but this would not deter Thomson the publisher from using it, for he was not above annexing any lyric or melody that suited his purpose. The "mediocre" air referred to by Burns would be the one the old man sang to Allan Ramsay. But Burns's version of "Auld Lang Syne" first appeared in 1793; it was set to a different air from the one we know it by, and different also from Allan Ramsay's song of 1740. The present air and Burns's words first made their



appearance wedded together twelve years after Shield's "Rosina" was given to the world. And then, as I have said, Thomson issued the song in his collection (1799). Apart from the fact that the dates are all in favour of Shield, there is another point. When Shield had occasion in his operas to introduce the melodies of other writers, he was careful in every case to studiously acknowledge his obligations. The air known as "Auld Lang Syne" he distinctly claimed as his own composition; therefore, as no one has ever been able to disprove Shield's claim, there is every evidence that his statement must be accepted and he is proclaimed composer of this immortal song. In the "Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland," however, there is a quotation note, without the authority being named, which runs: "Shield introduced it into his overture to the opera of 'Rosina' written by Mr. Brooks (query Miss Brooke?) and acted at Covent Garden in 1783. It is the last movement of that overture, and in imitation of a Scottish bagpipe tune, in which the *oboe* is substituted for the *channter* and the *bassoon* for the *drone*."

In the "Musical Times" for January 1896, Mr. W. H. Cummings gives the air from "Rosina," and says "My edition of Shield's

'Rosina' is an oblong folio, published in 1783; the tune I take to be the original of 'Auld Lang Syne' is given to the oboe, the bassoons playing a pedal bass with the words, inserted by the composer to 'imitate the bag-pipes.'" "Auld Lang Syne," continues Mr. Cummings, "was published with two airs, one in 1740, the other in 1793, and it was not till twenty years after the production of 'Rosina' that it appeared with the tune now always associated with the words, the earlier tunes having been abandoned." I would like to point to a suspicious similarity between portions of the melody of "The Thorn" by Shield, and "Auld Lang Syne" which has not been referred to by any other writer as being strong proof of the two being composed by the same man. At the same time I think it only fair to say that Mr. Alfred Moffat (the editor of "The Minstrelsy of Scotland") disputes Shield's claims, and some of the above statements, which, however, I see no sufficient reason to abate or alter. George Thomson has a note to "Auld Lang Syne" in his "Collection of original Scottish Airs" (1799) to this effect: "From an old MS. in the Editor's possession" —but Thomson was too many days after the fair. The melody was already a favourite owing to the circumstances of its birth in 1783,

as already recorded. Thomson could easily have taken it from Johnson's "Scots Museum," wherein was published a version of the air in 1792.

The libretto of W. M. Shield's two act comic opera "Rosina," by the way, was written by Mrs. Francis Brooke, the authoress of several plays and novels. It was first produced at Covent Garden Theatre, December 31st, 1782.

I may add that the song was introduced into an adaptation of Scott's "Rob Roy" and sung on the stage at Edinburgh in 1819, and also before George IV. in 1822, by the actor playing the part of Francis Osbaldistone. A drama called "Auld Lang Syne" in three acts, written by G. Lash Gordon, was produced at the Opera Comique Theatre, London, August 3rd, 1878.

CHAPTER IV

"LA MARSEILLAISE"

THE wild, pulse-stirring, revolutionary song "Le Chant des Marseillaise"—it was called "patriotic" in the last decade of the last century—which has had so much effect on political and social life in more countries than France, was originally written by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle in the winter of 1792. I say "originally," because many versions appeared almost immediately after its production, so popular did it become with the soldiers and peasants alike, when several hundred sturdy revolutionists from Marseilles marched into Paris to its strains. The Parisians took it up immediately, and the Austrian and Prussian regulars were beaten again and again by the ragged sans-culottes to this tune, as every reader of Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution" knows. Curiously enough, the "Marseillaise" is still the official patriotic hymn in France under the present most Philistine of Republics! And we, on this side of the Channel, duly recognized

the fact of its being the National melody by playing it at the Mansion House during a banquet to a French minister in the year of grace and loyalty, 1893! But what a wonderful history has this truly marvellous song! And how often has it been erroneously related!

There are several variants as to the circumstances under which it was composed and written, for Rouget de Lisle wrote both words and music. Our author, says one version, was a young artillery officer at Strasburg, who was imbued with considerable poetic and musical talent, and under the combined influence of love and patriotism he wrote the hymn one night in the house of his sweetheart's father during the severe winter of 1792. The young maiden who had inspired him with the idea shed tears upon hearing the stirring strains. At once conveying the exact prevailing spirit of the whole of France, the song quickly spread from Strasburg to Alsace, where the melody was learnt by the Marseilles troops then on their way to Paris. The piece created a tremendous furore in the French capital, and soon the refrain was being sung and played all over the country. This is only partly true, because there is some doubt about the sweetheart incident. The real facts are as follows, though his claims

From the painting by G. Guffens

Property of the Penna. Academy of the Fine Arts

ROUGET DE LISLE SINGING THE "MARSEILLAISE" FOR THE FIRST TIME

to both words and music have often been disputed. Of the many claimants to the honour I shall have a word to say later. Rouget de Lisle was greatly esteemed among his friends for his poetical and musical gifts, and was a particular friend of the family of the Baron de Dietrich, a noble Alsatian then Mayor of Strasburg. "One night during the winter of 1792 the young officer was seated at the table of this family. The hospitable fare of the baron had been so reduced by the calamities and necessities of war that nothing," says Mdme. Fanny Raymond Ritter, "could be provided for dinner that day except garrison bread and a few slices of ham. Dietrich smiled sadly at his friend, and lamenting the poverty of the fare he had to offer, declared he would sacrifice the last remaining bottle of Rhine wine in his cellar, if he thought it would aid de Lisle's poetic invention, and inspire him to compose a patriotic song for the public ceremonies shortly to take place in Strasburg. The ladies approved, and sent for the last bottle of wine of which the house could boast." After dinner de Lisle sought his room, and though it was bitterly cold he at once sat down at the piano, and between reciting and playing and singing eventually composed "La Marseillaise," and, thoroughly exhausted, fell

asleep with his head on his desk. In the morning he was able to recall every note of the song, immediately wrote it down and carried it to his friend Baron Dietrich. Everyone was enchanted with the song, which aroused the greatest enthusiasm. A few days later it was publicly given in Strasburg, and thence it was conveyed by the multitude to the insurgents of Marseilles, and, of its after popularity we know. De Lisle's mother was a most devoted Royalist, and asked, "What do people mean by associating our name with the revolutionary hymn which those brigands sing?" De Lisle himself, proscribed as a Royalist, when flying for his life in the Jura mountains, heard it as a menace of death, and recognizing the well-known air, asked his guide what it was called. It had then been christened the "Marseillaise Hymn," and was so called until hymns went out of fashion, when it was known by the one word. In his late years de Lisle is said to have been twice in prison, and to have been reduced to the utmost poverty. A short time before his death, when all hopes and ambitions had been extinguished in him by age, he was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Soon after this tardy recognition several pensions were conferred upon him which he did

not live long to enjoy. He was the author of many essays, songs, dramas, and musical compositions, his sole means of support during a large part of his life being his literary labours. I believe that several of de Lisle's plays were translated and played in England. He died in 1836.

Of the words only six stanzas were originally written, but at least a dozen more were added by other hands about the same time. I append the first verse of de Lisle's version.

"Allons, enfants de la Patrie!
Le jour de gloire est arrivé;
Contre nous de la tyrannie,
L'étendard sanglant est levé
Entendez-vous, dans les campagnes,
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras,
Egorger nos fils:—nos compagnes!

"Aux armes, mes citoyens!
Formez vos battaillons:
Marchons, marchons, Qu'un sang impur:
Abreuve nos sillons."

The Republican version of the lyric differs somewhat from the original.

One of the first and best English versions was published so soon as 1795, only three years

after it was written, and is as follows. Unfortunately the translator's name is not given:

I.

"Ye sons of France, awake to glory,
Hark, hark what myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

REFRAIN.

"To arms! to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
To victory or death.

II.

"Now, now the dangerous storm is scowling
Which treacherous Kings, confederate, raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze,
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing?

III.

"With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air;

Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore:
But man is man, and who is more?
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?

IV.

"O, Liberty! can man resign thee!
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeon, bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield:
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing."

No wonder such a lyric as this, with the oft-repeated chorus, should have stirred the people to action! Lamartine exclaimed of "La Marseillaise:" "It received, from the circumstances amid which it arose, an especial character, that renders it at once solemn and sinister; glory and crime, victory and death, are mingled in its strains." And Heine wrote of it in 1830: "A strong joy seizes me, as I sit writing! music resounds under my window, and in the elegiac rage of its large melody I recognize that hymn with which the handsome Barbaroux and his companions once greeted the city of Paris. What a song! It thrills me with fiery delight, it kindles within me the glowing star of enthusiasm and the swift rocket of

desire. Swelling, burning torrents of song rush from the heights of freedom, in streams as bold as those with which the Ganges leaps from the heights of the Himalaya! I can write no more, this song intoxicates my brain; louder and nearer advances the powerful chorus:

"'Aux Armes, citoyens!'"

To hear a large concourse of enthusiastic Frenchmen sing this song is an experience of the most thrilling description. Rachel chanted the song with such fire and passion that the audience grew crazy with excitement, and, as it were, reached for their swords. The music of "La Marseillaise" is at once striking and enthralling; the theme forcible, and the refrain "Aux armes, citoyens!" so pathetic and expressive that few can hear it without being affected to tears.

As I have already stated, there are several other translations; two in 1800, and one which was published about 1857 and sung by Mrs. Howard Paul in the "Mimic and Musical Entertainment Patchwork." John Oxenford wrote this version, and just listen to it, as a specimen of what the mild and genial dramatic critic of the "Times" could turn out:

"Come children of your country, come,
New glory dawns upon the world,
Our tyrants, rushing to their doom,
Their crimson standard have unfurled.
Already on our plains we hear
The murmurs of a savage horde,
They threaten with the murd'rous sword
Your comrades and your children dear—
Then up, and from your ranks the hireling foe withstand,
March on, march on, his craven blood must fertilize the land."

So popular had the song become that everybody seemed imbued with the idea that they had had a hand in its composition. According to that curious work "An Englishman in Paris," not only did de Lisle not write the whole of his song—the Abbé Pessoneaux during the Reign of Terror declared he wrote the last strophe of the lyric—but, it is said, he had stolen the music, note for note, during the period he was writing the song when a prisoner in the fortress of St. Jean, *at least three years after* de Lisle really had been inspired with the whole composition! It is Boucher—Alexandre Boucher, a well-known eccentric violinist, who vowed, says the author of "An Englishman in Paris," that he, Boucher, had written it for the colonel of a regiment who was about to leave Marseilles the next day. I give it, says the writer of the work I have just referred to: "In the very words of Boucher

himself as he told it to a Paris journalist whom I knew well: 'A good many years afterwards I (meaning Boucher) was seated next to Rouget de Lisle at a dinner-party in Paris. We had never met before, and, as you may easily imagine, I was rather interested in the gentleman, whom, with many others at the same board, I complimented on his production; only I confined myself to complimenting him on his *poem*. "You don't say a word about the music," he replied; "and yet, being a celebrated musician, that ought to interest you. Do you not like it?" "Very much indeed," I said, in a somewhat significant tone. "Well, let me be frank with you. The music is not mine. It was that of a march which came, heaven knows whence, and which they kept on playing at Marseilles during the Terror, when I was a prisoner at the fortress of St. Jean. I made a few alterations necessitated by the words, and there it is." Thereupon, to his great surprise, I hummed the march as I had originally written it. "Wonderful!" he exclaimed; "how did you come by it?" he asked. When I told him he threw himself round my neck. But the next moment he said: "I am very sorry, my dear Boucher, but I am afraid that you will be despoiled for ever, do what you will; for your music and my

words go so well together that they seem to have sprung simultaneously from the same brain, and the world, even if I proclaimed my indebtedness to you, would never believe it." "Keep the loan," I said, moved in spite of myself, by his candour. "Without your genius, my march would be forgotten by now. You have given it a patent of nobility. It is yours for ever." ' "

This is quite touching, but unfortunately the dates don't fit in; the Reign of Terror was scarcely consummated until 1793, when Robespierre for a time was triumphant, de Lisle was undoubtedly at Strasbourg in 1792, and was not taken captive till more than a twelvemonth after the song was turning all France into demons, and, as I have said, the song was already *published* in England by J. Bland, Holborn, London. But I am enabled to demolish this fable of Boucher by advancing the countless fictitious claims of other impostors. Amongst the many appears to have been a certain Holtzmann who was discovered by a Monsieur Tappert. Only quite recently (1892) the origin of "La Marseillaise" was greatly exercising the minds of the good people of Cahors. It seems, according to the correspondent of a London newspaper, that the bishop of that place happened to

find himself in the course of a public ceremony, forced to listen to the famous Republican hymn and apparently was not at all shocked, consequently some officious nobody wrote to the local papers about him. One of these, the "Semaine Religieuse," took the matter up in a manner least expected, and said "How is it possible that anybody should be astonished that a bishop should listen with complaisance to an air which in reality has a religious origin?" The idea, promulgated not for the first time, was that the author plagiarized it from a piece of sacred music. Then was revived the story not of Simon Tappertit, but M. Tappert. He affirmed that the theme of the "Marseillaise" was to be found in a *credo* of a mass composed in 1776 by Holtzmann, chapel master of the parish church at Meersbourg. Naturally this announcement caused an immense sensation among the musical *savants*, and more particularly among those who worshipped the piece as a national and patriotic anthem. M. Tappert was immediadely called on to explain where this mass was to be found, but up to the last he failed to do so, and therefore we are at liberty to assume that he invented the story for some reason or other. In 1886 it was also stated that the air was taken from a religious source

by M. Arthur Loth in the "Univers," who declared that Grisons, although a clerical, had embraced the cause of the Revolution. But Grisons did not avow himself the composer until 1793—a year after it was really written —when he actually did introduce it into a into a score which was executed by choristers from the church of St. Omer. Of course his claim was very soon put out of court when the matter was thoroughly investigated—he had simply stolen a few bars from "La Marseillatse," and embodied them in his own work. It is odd that the piece should have been so often temporarily appropriated by some charlatan anxious to secure a little cheap fame. The "Marseillaise" has been made use of by many well-known people, but invariably the indebtedness has been acknowledged by them: Salieri, for instance, in the opening chorus of his opera, "Palmira" (1795). It stands in Grisons' introduction to his oratorio, "Esther," which is still in MS., and which excited so much speculation as to whether he invented the melody or de Lisle. Schumann uses it in his song of the "Two Grenadiers" with excellent effect, also in his overture to "Hermann and Dorothea."

Louis Philippe conferred a pension on de Lisle for his patriotism and poetry. There is a

picture by Pils, representing de Lisle singing the "Marseillaise," well known from the engraving. Finally, there is no simpler method of settling this vexed question than by referring to "La Vérité sur la Paternité de la Marseillaise: par A. Rouget de Lisle," published in 1865. The writer was a nephew of the original Rouget, and, says W. F. Waller in "Notes and Queries," he showed, by precise documentary and other evidence, that Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle was a captain of engineers, quartered at Strasbourg in 1792; that when Dietrich, Mayor of Strasbourg, wanted a patriotic song for the Bas Rhin volunteers—then under orders to join Lückner's corps—to sing, the engineer captain went home to his lodgings, and on the night of April 24th composed the words and music of a song which he called "Chant de Guerre pour l'Armée du Rhin," the title which appears on the first edition of the song, published by Dannbach of Strasbourg, and dedicated to Marechal Lückner. This "Chant de Guerre" was sung at Dietrich's house on April 25th. The scene is familiar enough, as shown in the engraving from Isidore Pils's picture. Band parts were ready next day, and the band of the Garde Nationale played the "Chant" on Sunday, April 29th. It was a matter of two

months before it got to Marseilles. On June 25th Mireur sang it at a banquet there, and with so much effect that it was printed and distributed amongst Barbaroux's "Six Hundred" who were about to march to Paris. They sang it when they entered Paris on July 30th, and at the attack on the Tuileries on August 10th.

Jean Alexandre Boucher, who claimed to have written the song, as previously stated, was an extraordinary individual, born the same year his homonym, the Painter of Dubarrydom, died. He was a Court fiddler at the early age of six. He was of the "Concert Spirituel" at seven; and solo-violinist to the King of Spain whom Napoléon Empereur vanquished. After the peace he toured through Europe, and made a great sensation wherever he went. He called himself "Alexandre des Violons," and won a reputation second only to that of the great Paganini. His chief hobby seemed to be in imitating Napoleon, whom he closely resembled. He made a considerable fortune, and died in 1861.

I have purposely given all the versions and particulars respecting the "Marseillaise" that I have come across from time to time, and I trust that such facts as I have been at some pains to unearth and verify, will remove all doubt on the

subject of the authorship of this composition for the future. A full account of the song may also be found in "Les Mélodies Populaires de la France," by Loquin, published in Paris, 1879. In conclusion, it is pleasant to be able to add that Frenchmen have acknowledged the genius of Rouget de Lisle at last by erecting a statue to him in their beloved city of Paris, 1892.

Amongst de Lisle's best works may be mentioned "Hymne dithyrambique sur la conjuration de Robespierre et la revolution du 9 thermidor" (1794), "Chant des Vengeances" (1798), "Chant du Combat" (1800, for the Egyptian Army). He also wrote the libretto of the comic opera "Jacquot, ou l'école des mères" (music by Della Maria, 1795), and of the grand opera "Macbeth," to the music of Chélard, 1827.

I can trace only two plays in which the story of the writing of the "Marseillaise" has been utilized, the best, called "An Old Song," by the Rev. Freeman Wills and A. Fitz-Maurice King, was produced at the Great Hall, Tunbridge Wells, August 2nd, 1894, and reproduced without much success at the Criterion Theatre in the fall of 1896.

CHAPTER V

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

THE sale of a chest in February, 1893, alleged to be associated with the story of the "Mistletoe Bough" at Basketts-Fletchwood, naturally revived interest in the tragedy (or tragedies) upon which the song is founded, and which is said to have happened in so many families during the last century, and much speculation was rife. Some years ago several correspondents tried to thresh the subject out in the pages of "Notes and Queries," but only with partial success. Lieutenant-Colonel H. F. Greatwood, who has been kind enough to let me see a booklet on the subject, claims to have the identical chest at The Castle, Tiverton, North Devon, but I fear that such is not the case. This chest was for a number of years in the possession of the Cope family, of Bramshill, Hertford Bridge, Hampshire, and the late Sir William Cope wrote the booklet mentioned, giving many interesting par-

ticulars respecting the same. The story as told in verse both by Samuel Rogers and Thomas Haynes Bayly, is as follows: A youthful and playful bride on her wedding day hid herself, while playing hide and seek, in an oak chest; she let down the lid, the spring caught, and she was buried alive. She was sought for high and low, but it was not until some considerable time had elapsed that the old chest was broken open, and her skeleton discovered. But though this story is stated as having occurred at Bramshill, no reliable data have ever been discovered to make the belief any more than a tradition. It is denied that any Miss Cope ever met with such a fate, though the incidents have been circumstantially set forth. A lady wrote to the late Sir William Cope, that there could be no doubt of Bramshill being the seat of the tragedy; that Miss Cope was extremely young, and just home from school at the time she was married. She proposed a game of hide and seek, which was pooh-poohed for a long time. At last she said, "Well, then, I shall go and hide myself," and she was never found again. The family left the place dreadfully unhappy. About two years after Lady Cope wrote to the housekeeper to say they were coming down; and in going about the rooms with the housemaids to prepare for

them, she (the housekeeper) missed some counterpanes or something similar. In searching for the missing articles she went into some rooms that had not been occupied for many years.

"Oh, they may be in the chest, and yet I do not think it likely," said the housekeeper.

However, she opened the chest and to her horror beheld the wedding garments of the lost girl. Upon the family being made acquainted with the discovery they had forty rooms pulled down, as the mansion was excessively large, and they could not bear to go into that part of the house again. It is true that, at the beginning of the last century, a projecting wing containing thirty-three rooms was pulled down. But no faith is placed in the story of the lost bride. However, there was a daughter, Elizabeth, of Sir John Cope, the sixth baronet, who met her death in this way. She died, aged 13, in 1730. But of her being the lady of the chest there is no tradition, for if there had been any truth in this version, Sir Richard, the ninth baronet, who was her cousin and nine or ten years old at the time of her death, would surely have known. He died in 1836. It is stated, however, that he was a man of peculiar disposition and did not like being questioned about the

chest or the accident, whatever it was, that caused his cousin Elizabeth's death.

The oak chest now at the Castle, Tiverton, was described by the late Sir William Cope as follows: "The chest is one of those called in Italian 'Cassone,' in which the bride's trousseau was enclosed and conveyed to her future home. It is about seven or eight feet long; about three feet high and the same in breadth. The exterior and the interior of the lid are inlaid with ornamental designs. The front is divided into three panels. The subjects of these panels are landscapes, in one of which is a man cutting down a tree; the stiles dividing and enclosing the panels are each ornamented with the figure of a man with the legs of an animal (a satyr). The two on the exterior stiles are carrying goats, the other two on the dividing stiles are blowing horns; one carrying a trident, the other a club. At the foot of one of the satyrs is a tortoise; of another, a serpent; and of the other two, dogs or some similar quadrupeds. The frame is decorated with arabesques. The inside of the lid, which has three hinges the long straps of which end in fleur-de-lys, is decorated. In the upper centre is the globe, supported by two 'amoretti' and below these are arabesques. On one side in a landscape are two unarmed figures kneeling

in homage to a crowned figure, holding a sceptre, and seated on a throne; and behind the kneeling figures is a man in full armour. On the opposite side are two men fully armed, and with shields, meeting a third. At each extremity is a man in armour standing on a tesselated pavement. The whole of this ornamentation is bordered by arabesques." Assuming this ornamentation to be of Italian workmanship, Sir William Cope was willing to give credence to the story told by a lady of a distinguished Italian house to the effect that the incident happened in her own family, and was a well-known record. The chest was said to have been sold to an Englishman, whom Sir William believed to have been the fifth baronet, who resided in Italy for many years, and who conveyed it to Bramshill about the beginning of last century. He cites Rogers's "Ginevra" in support of his contention, but unfortunately the poet in a footnote to his poem said: "This story is, I believe, founded on fact, though the time and place are uncertain. Many old houses in England lay claim to it." Rogers laid the scene in Modena. At Florence, however, is an old Castello, opposite to the church of St. Florence, where the "identical chest" is still shown to visitors.

Miss Mitford, in 1829 ("Life," vol. ii., 281), says the story belongs to Bramshill, Sir John Cope's house in Hampshire. But she adds: "This story is common to old houses; it was told me of the great house at Malsanger." This last house is near Basingstoke and at nearly the same date is said to have been unoccupied. There seems to be no doubt that the old oak chest of Bramshill was connected with some tragical event, but whether it took place in Italy or England it is hard to say, though I incline to the belief that it was in England, as the oak chest was at one time one of the principal articles of furniture in most family mansions. The oak, too, is a special product of England, but not of Italy. Moreover, the same sad circumstance has been associated with at least four other houses. First at a Leicestershire house, the house of the Hartopps; secondly at Marwell Old Hall near Winchester, where the coffer sold at Basketts-Fletchwood was, previously to its passing into the possession of the late Rev. J. Haygarth, at Upham, Hants, at whose death it went to Mr. Lawson Tait's house in the New Forest; thirdly, at a house not far from Bridgwater. In the parish church of Bawdrip, about three miles from Bridgwater there is a monument to Edward

Lovell, his wife Eleanor (*née* Bradford) and their two daughters, Maria and Eleanor. The inscription touching the latter is: "Eleanor . . . obiit Jun 14 1681. Hanc, subito et immaturo (ipsos pene inter hymenaeos) fato correptam mœstissimus luxit maritus, et in gratam piamq. parentum sororis et dilectissimae conjugis memoriam, monumentum hoc erigi voluit." The month *Jun.* might easily be a mistake for *Jan.* Roughly translated, the above may be rendered as, "Her afflicted husband mourned her snatched away well nigh on her wedding day by a sudden and untimely fate; and he resolved to have this monument erected to the pleasant (agreeable) and pious memory of parents, sister, and most-beloved spouse." Tradition connects this sudden death with the story of the bride playing at hide and seek. It is curious that in Haynes Bayly's song the bridegroom's name should be Lovell. There is no mention in the monument of the name of the bereaved husband. The father, Edward Lovell was fourteen years rector of Bawdrip, and fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and died in 1675, so he could not have been present at the wedding as represented in the song. He came from Batcombe, near Castle Cary, at which latter place the Lovells were seated in very early days. It

is quite conceivable that the bride and bridegroom were cousins, both Lovells, and it would be interesting to know upon which legend Bayly based his lyric.

The third house that is held to be the scene of the tragic mishap is Exton Hall, the seat of the Noels. The incident is related by an ancestor of the family, it having been handed down from Dorothy Noel, born in 1693, who was present as a child at the time of the occurrence—say about 1700–1705. Her version of the story is as follows: There was merry-making at Christmas in the old family hall, and amateur theatricals were performed. In one of the scenes it was necessary to represent a funeral. Accordingly one of the young ladies present personated the dead girl of the piece, and was lowered into an old oak chest, and the lid closed over her. When the scene was finished the lid was raised, when to the dismay of the party she was discovered to be dead. Never again were private theatricals enacted in that house, for the judgment of God was supposed to have been manifested in the event, and the family (said to have been previously given to gaiety and disregard of serious subjects) thereafter became noted for its strict performance of religious duties.

This variant does not fit in with Haynes

Bayly's once popular song, wherein he indicates that the game of hide and seek was played. It may be here stated that Collet tells a similar story to Bayly's in his "Relics of Literature;" it also finds a place in the "Causes Célèbres." The words of the song at once dispose of the claims of Italy as being the scene of the catastrophe, though by some eccentric freak of fancy, when it appeared in a collection called "Songs of the Season," set to music by Sir H. R. Bishop about 1830, these lines from Rogers's "Italy" were used as a motto:

> "The happiest of the happy,
> When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
> Fastened her down for ever."

But there is no evidence that Bayly was influenced by the "Ginevra" of Rogers. Rogers was the popular poet of the period, and everybody quoted from him.

"THE MISTLETOE BOUGH."

"The mistletoe hung in the Castle Hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers blithe and gay
Were keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld, with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.
Oh, the mistletoe bough! the mistletoe bough!

"'I'm weary of dancing now,' she cried;
'Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place.'
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried, 'Oh! where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride!'

"They sought her that night, they sought her next day!
And they sought her in vain, when a week passed away!
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
'See, the old man weeps for his fairy bride!'

"At length an old chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the Castle—they raised the lid—
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.
Oh! sad was her fate—in sportive jest,
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest;
It closed with a spring, and, dreadful doom!
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!"

This is all essentially English, particularly the Christmas festivities, when the baron's retainers were wont to keep their Christmas holidays the same as the barons themselves. Mrs. Bayly in the "Life" of her husband, published in 1844, throws no light on the subject, but it seems tolerably evident that the ballad was founded

by Bayly (who was born at Bath in 1797, and died 1839, after having written hundreds of songs and some thirty-six dramatic pieces) on some well-known family tradition, and in all probability he at some time or other visited Bawdrip and read the inscription in the churchyard, which I have transcribed above. Indeed, Bayly might have heard the tale of the Lovell family from his father, who was a solicitor at Bath, or he may even have met a descendant of the Lovells—is it not probable that the elder Bayly was the Lovell family solicitor, and consequently in full possession of their history? But what has become of this particular old oak chest? The one sold on the 10th of February, 1893, belonging to Mr. Lawson Tait, of Basketts-Fletchwood, was said by a gentleman who saw it to be of Spanish mahogany, and not of oak. Will the story ever be traced to its original source? Bayly was the author of, amongst other songs, "I'd be a Butterfly," "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and many poems of a homely nature. Joseph Philip Knight wrote the music of "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and to most of Bayly's lyrics. He was born in 1812 and died 1886.

Although Haynes Bayly was a dramatic author, he does not appear to have seen the

possibilities of a drama in the story of the song; but during his lifetime a fellow-dramatist, Charles Somerset, turned it to account, and produced at the Garrick Theatre, Whitechapel, in 1834, a melodrama in two acts, entitled, "The Mistletoe Bough; or, the Fatal Chest." Mr. Somerset's editor says that "a story in Rogers's 'Italy' produced the ballad upon which this drama is founded," and gives an extract from the poem. He continues: "Mr. Somerset, seeing the dramatic impossibility of confining himself to this single incident, has amplified the story by introducing a variety of characters, the most prominent of which is a Goblin Page, a dwarfish, deformed, malignant imp of mischief. The lady dies, not by her own youthful frolic, but the vengeance of a rejected lover, who, after she has got into the chest, stabs her and closes the lid. His treachery meets with retribution. The spirit of his victim stands forth as his accuser; and, in a paroxysm of shame, remorse, and despair, he plants a dagger in his heart!" The transpontine and cispontine dramas were nearly all built that way sixty years ago—the avenging spirit was always on top, so to speak. It is a most wonderful and weird concoction of tragedy and farce playing at hide and seek to the end. The song is introduced and sung as a "Romance

and Chorus," and many liberties are taken with Bayly's words. The Spirit also glides on towards the end, and sings a new version of the lyric, suitable to the occasion, to her sleeping lover, Lovell. At one time "The Mistletoe Bough" was a great favourite at the pantomime theatres, and it was frequently introduced into the orchestral selections.

Amongst the many novelists who have used this title may be mentioned Anthony Trollope, who contributed a story called the "Mistletoe Bough" to the Christmas number of the "Illustrated London News," December 21st, 1861.

CHAPTER VI

"EVER OF THEE"

THE story of this at one period extraordinarily popular song, has been told many times in various ways. The simplicity of the words and homely characteristics of the melody naturally appealed to the public some few decades ago, and occasionally one comes across it as a favourite side by side with "Little Nell," "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" and similar pieces, especially in country houses. Its sale for many years was something abnormal, and even now there is a more or less steady demand for it. The publisher, Mr. Turner, is said to have reaped a fortune by it—its author, oblivion. But let me relate the romance concerning the origin of the song which was said to have been written and composed by James Lawson, whose name will be looked for in vain on this or any other publication.

Here is the story. On a certain cold day in the month of January, 1850, the door of Mr. Turner's music shop in the Poultry, Cheapside,

London, was nervously opened, and a most unlovely, unclean specimen of ragged humanity dragged himself in. He looked as though he had not had a bath for months. His beard was unkempt, dirty, and matted. In the place of boots he wore some filthy rags, and altogether he was a most pitiable and degraded-looking object.

One of the clerks eyed him cautiously, and told him to clear out as speedily as possible.

Two ladies who were in the shop noticed his woe-begone appearance, and were about to give him some money, when the kind-hearted manager stepped forward, and seeing the poor fellow shivering with cold and, apparently, hunger, took him into the workshop so that he might have a "warm up" by the fire. A few minutes later Mr. Turner, the proprietor, came in, and seeing the ragged individual, asked what he wanted, and "who allowed you in?"

"I did," said the manager; "the poor fellow looked so cold and miserable, that I could not send him into the piercing wind again without giving him a warm; and besides, he says he has some business with you."

"Business with me?"

"Yes, sir; I have a song I should like you to listen to," answered the tramp.

Mr. Turner eyed him from head to foot, and then laughed incredulously.

The miserable-looking object at the stove began to grow uneasy, and begged to be permitted to play the melody of his song, which he then unearthed from his pocket, and handed to the music publisher. Mr. Turner looked at it, and said, "Who wrote this?"

"I did, sir," was the reply.

"You! Well, I'll have it played over, and if it's any good I'll give you something for it."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I should prefer to play it myself."

"What? You play? Well, bring him up to the piano-room when he gets warm, and we'll humour him," said Mr. Turner to his manager.

Very shortly the bundle of rags was seated at a concert grand piano, and "Ever of Thee" was played for the first time by its composer, James Lawson.

His listeners were electrified when they heard this dilapidated tramp make the piano almost speak. His touch is said to have been simply marvellous, and his very soul seemed to sob at his finger-tips. When he had finished, he turned to his small audience, and said, apologetically,

"I'd like to sing it for you, but I have a terrible cold. I have not been in bed for five nights.

I am hungry and ill, and I feel I could not do it justice."

The publisher was almost dumb with amazement. The air was so catching and plaintive, that he felt sure it would take and be a success; and he was convinced in his mind that this was no ordinary man, but one with a history that was worth investigating. So he determined to cultivate him, and pressed him to sing at least one verse of the song. Lawson protested, but finally agreed, and if Turner was amazed when he heard him play, he was positively enraptured when that hungry voice, hungry with love, hungry physically, poured out, in the sweetest of tenors, the first stanza of the song in which his soul lived. It was the story of a lost love, but he cherished it, and, as he sang, it was easy to see that he lived and breathed only for that love. "Ever of Thee" has never been so sung since. That trial verse made its success, and to the experienced publisher, Mr. Turner, it was decidedly evident that he had secured a great song.

Addressing his manager, he said, "Take this man along; get him a bath, a shave, and some decent clothes, in fact, have him properly attended to, and then bring him back, and we will see about this song."

Accordingly this was done, and a wonderful transformation took place when "rigged out" from top to toe in clean wholesome clothing, James Lawson felt himself a new man; and indeed, he looked what in reality he was, or had been, a gentleman. One of the causes of his downfall was not long in manifesting itself, when he expressed a desire several times to have a drink.

"But won't you let me have a drink?" he said to his companion. "I want it—please let me have a drink."

The manager, however, discreetly refused to grant this almost feverish request; he told Mr. Lawson that if he wanted a dinner it should be provided, but drink he could not have. Finally the two went into the "Ship and Turtle" dining-rooms, and over a good meal, the author and composer of "Ever of Thee" told the following story:

"I was once rich—you know what I am now. You were astonished to hear me play the piano so well. That little song has been the only companion from which I have gained any comfort during the last twelve months. It brought back to me the days when I was rich, loved, respected and happy; of course it has its sad side for me. But the memory of what it recalls is the dearest thing in my existence."

The manager interrupted him at this point and indicated that it was getting late.

"Please bear with me," rejoined Lawson. "I will not detain you long. Let me tell you how and why I composed 'Ever of Thee.' Two years ago I met a girl at Brighton. If God ever allowed one of his angels to come to earth, she was that one. I adored her. She seemed to return my affection. I escorted her everywhere, and was at her beck and call, morn, noon, and night, and it was currently believed that Miss Blank and I were engaged. I had to return to London on business and when I went back to Brighton she was gone.

"Three months after I met her at a ball. She had just finished a waltz with a tall, good-looking man, and was promenading the hall on his arm. She recognized me. But when I said, 'How do you do, Miss Blank,' she quickly replied—

"'I'm well, thank you, Mr. Lawson; but I am surprised to hear you call me Miss Blank. When you left Brighton so suddenly, I thought I should never see you again. You left no address, never called again, and—well, I am married!'

"'Married! To whom?' I gasped.

"'To Mr. Prize,' she replied, pointing at the

same time to the gentleman with whom she had been dancing.

"That ended my life. My Marie, my dream, was gone. I left the hall, went to a gambling place I knew, and in drink and gambling endeavoured to kill my grief. It lasted but a little while, this fearful dissipation, and in four months I was ruined.

"Then came my trial. The men who had played with me and won my money shunned me. My friends shut their doors against me, and my last sovereign was gone. I was utterly stranded, homeless and wretched. I had no desire to live, no energy to do anything. For nights I slept in the cabmen's coffee-houses; there I was considered a nuisance, for I still drank heavily, spending all I could get in drink, and some friendly doorstep was my only bed, I pawned everything I possessed, and finally I spent three months in a workhouse under an assumed name.

"It was there the presence of Marie haunted me again. One day—Christmas Day—we were at dinner. Several rich people came to distribute among us gifts, such as tobacco, warm clothing, tea, and so on. I was weary and did not look at the visitors; suddenly a voice I knew too well said to me, 'My good man, which

would you prefer, some warm clothing, or some pipes and tobacco?' I looked up. It was Marie. I rushed from the table out into the garden at the back, and there I was found, hours after, insensible.

"In my bed there in the workhouse-hospital, I wrote the words of the song you heard me sing to-day. Then I got well, and, sick of the life, I left the place and became night-watchman at some new buildings they were putting up in Aldersgate Street. While there the melody of my song came to me. I got a scrap of music-paper and jotted it down, and for a time was happy. My old friends often passed me at night, jolly and careless, little dreaming that James Lawson was the poor night-watchman who answered their indolent questions.

"Often, when all was still, I poured out my soul in this tender song, and after a while the homeless gamins used to come and listen to me. It pleased them, and perhaps made them forget their misery. To me it brought back the memory of a dead love and ruined life. But you are tiring of my story—there is little more to tell. I could not endure the solitary meditation of my past. I again began to drink—it became a disease with me. I lost my situation, and as a last resource I thought that perhaps

my song might be worth a few pounds, and so took it to Mr. Turner."

At this point the poor fellow burst into tears. When he was himself again, they left the dining-rooms and repaired to Mr. Turner, who, addressing Lawson, after having spoken with his manager aside, said:

"Mr. Lawson, here are ten shillings. It will be enough to get your supper and a decent room to-night. To-morrow morning I want you to call here, and I shall give you a good position in my warehouse. As for your song, I want you to remember this: if you will keep sober I will pay you a fair royalty; but if you spend this ten shillings in drink, not another penny will you get."

This seems rather a high hand for the publisher to have taken, considering that he had only that day seen Lawson, and he seems to have shown a great lack of tact and discretion. Anyhow, he had no right to dictate such terms to one who had suffered so much. Lawson certainly did not know the value of his song, while the publisher, who eventually made a fortune by it, did. As it is stated that he did not pay Lawson any royalty for the song, one would like to know how he salved his conscience while he was robbing this weak mortal

of his rights. If he had acted humanely at once, he might have rescued the outcast and restored him to society.

But to continue this distressing history. Lawson left the shop and did not make his appearance again for five days. Then he was in a condition almost as bad as when he first entered it. His vest was gone; his boots were exchanged for old ones; his hat was shabby in the extreme. His coat (an old one) was buttoned tightly round his collarless neck, and his face was dirty and his chin unshaven. Mr. Turner looked at him. He did not even speak to him. The smell of stale alcohol sufficiently told its own tale. He took half-a-crown from his pocket, handed it to Lawson, and turned on his heel, saying to his manager, "If this man comes here again put him out."

The composer of "Ever of Thee" left the shop and never entered Turner's place again. What became of him none can say, for he was never seen more.

Now this story, which was first printed (as far as I can ascertain) in the "Albany (New York) Journal," in the winter of 1888, and was afterwards rather extensively copied into the English papers in London and the provinces under various titles—this story, I am informed

by the publishers, "is merely and absolutely the creation of some inventive writer." Yet there are some circumstances connected with the issue of the song which I am not able to fathom, and which create a sort of mystery regarding it. The person who wrote the history seemed to indicate that he was in the employ of the publishers when the song was purchased.

"Ever of Thee" was published in 1859, if one may judge from the copy in the British Museum, which bears the date stamp of receipt 18th October of that year. The words were by George Linley, and the music by Foley Hall. So, naturally, the question arises, who was James Lawson, who claims to have written and composed the song? He certainly was not George Linley, who was a prolific writer who wrote ballads, songs, and operettas for the theatres, and was well known. He wrote both words and music of "The Toymaker," a successful operetta produced at Covent Garden, November 20th, 1861. Linley was born in 1798, and died September 10th, 1865. H. Foley Hall, besides composing "Ever of Thee," wrote the music of many other songs including "Thy Smile turns all to Light" (words by G. Linley); "Blame not the Heart" (words by E. N. Browne) 1860; "Far from those I love," 1859;

"O yes thou'lt Remember," 1854; "Stars Shining Above," 1860; "Still in my Dreams" (words by G. Linley), 1857; "Thou art my Guiding Star" (Linley), 1858; and "When I am far away" (words by Miss G. B. Burton), 1848. George Linley and H. Foley Hall were two distinct persons I am assured by one who knew both, but I am unable to find any particulars of Hall's life or what sort of a man he was, except that he was somewhat erratic. All the lyrics that he set were of an extremely sentimental nature, and not of a very high poetic standard. How the circumstantial story of "Ever of Thee" came to be written I cannot say; but I am now in a position to prove that James Lawson and H. Foley Hall were not one and the same person, for there was such a person as Lawson, though the publisher refuses to throw any light on the subject.

Since writing the foregoing, I have met two gentlemen who were acquainted with Foley Hall, and I have heard from others who knew both Hall and Lawson. The fact is, that though this singularly circumstantial story may be quite true as far as the reporter is concerned to whom some one, Lawson presumably, stated the matter, it is otherwise false from beginning to end. A magnificent effort of some one's—James Law-

son's, possibly—imagination. Mr. Turner did purchase the song, but it was from George Linley, who wrote the words, and Foley Hall, who composed the music. The song, it is true, was sung by James Lawson, a tenor, during the years 1856 and later, and it was published in October, 1859. Curiously enough, both Foley Hall and James Lawson were very erratic and extraordinary men, and very likely, after the death of Foley Hall, Lawson, broken down and ruined through too great a fondness for the bottle, thinking to raise some money when stranded in New York, invented and related the above fiction. Though the publishers declare the story to be without foundation, I am inclined to the belief, supported by certain facts communicated to me by those who were acquainted with both Foley Hall and James Lawson, that the latter, or some other hard up singer, did tell the above fable to the unsuspecting New York scribe, especially as Foley Hall gave MS. copies of the song to several singers of the day, in order to get it known to the public. And it was sung at several music halls, including the Trevor, Knightsbridge, during 1856 and onwards. Mr. Beaumont Read, then singing as "Master Beaumont," was presented with a manuscript copy of the song

by Foley Hall, and he sang it in 1857. Of the ultimate fate of James Lawson I am unable to give any reliable particulars, but Foley Hall, who looked more like a well-to-do farmer than a musician, died in Chelmsford Gaol, possibly before the publication of the song, as one who was present at his deathbed, and who is still alive, is strongly of opinion that he expired in 1859, attended by his beautiful and heartbroken wife. Foley Hall, like most composers and wanderers in Bohemia, was always hard up, and the cause of his incarceration was through some irregularity in the passing of cheques—but over that matter let us draw a veil. Whether Foley Hall or his next-of-kin ever received any royalty for the song I cannot say. Possibly he sold his interests right out. The royalty system of payment was not practised very much thirty-five years ago.

"Ever of Thee" is forgotten now, perhaps, though in the country theatre it used to be almost invariably played in the orchestra when "East Lynne" was put up as an attraction. From a musical point of view the song is beneath serious criticism, though the air is "catchy," and, as for the words, I give them for your verdict:

"Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer;
Thou wert the star, that mildly beaming,
Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear.
Still in my breast thy form I cherish,
Ev'ry kind thought like a bird flies to thee;
Ah! never till life and mem'ry perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me.
Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be,
Fondly I'm dreaming, ever of thee.

"Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,
Wand'ring afar my soul joy'd to dwell;
Ah, then I felt I lov'd thee only,
All seem'd to fade before affection's spell.
Years have not chill'd the love I cherish,
True as the stars hath my heart been to thee;
Ah, never till life and mem'ry perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me."

It is almost equal, perhaps, to some of the drawing-room songs of the present day.

CHAPTER VII

"DIE WACHT AM RHEIN," "DIE SCHWERTLIED," "KUTSCHKE LIED," AND OTHER GERMAN SONGS

MOST of the National (historical) German songs date from the time during which the German States were under the heel of the great Napoleon, or had just emancipated themselves—that is, from 1805 to 1814. As is well known, from the earliest ages Germany was cut up into many provinces ruled by different princes and barons, and subject to varying and far from satisfactory laws. These separate states were constantly at war with each other, and consequently dissensions were ever rife. There were to be considered the conflicting and mighty powers of Austria and Prussia, and the lesser ones of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony. Then followed Westphalia, Hesse-Darmstadt, Mecklenburg, and a vast number of other principalities more or less turbulent, and dissatisfied with the ruling of the petty princes and the controlling of the Great Powers. And it was not until the repulse of Napoleon

in Russia, and the thrashing his armies received in Spain from the Duke of Wellington, that any hope of deliverance appeared on the horizon. In 1813 Frederick William III. of Prussia struck the keynote of freedom when he called upon all the states to fight together for the "Fatherland." The French were routed, and the Battle of Waterloo ended the murderous career of Napoleon, and set Germany on the high road to prosperity, though still not an undivided country. It is to this epoch-making time that Germany owes the birth of such songs as "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland," "Die Schwertlied," and other national songs. Indeed, all the songs of this period are really war hymns, and encourage armed rebellion against the French Power. But they were not exclusively directed to the driving out of the French forces. The French Revolution had sounded the knell of despotism, not only in France, but in Germany also. The principle underrunning all these battle-chants was: First drive out the French, and then restore the native powers that be, but with essential modifications. The princely prerogatives were to be curtailed, and more constitutional modes of government introduced. This explains to a certain extent the extraordinary patience with which the German princes bore

the French yoke: they feared the new aspirations of their subjects, who, if victorious, would diminish their influence and strength personally quite as much as Napoleon I. It was out of these sentiments of fearsomeness and distrust that the notorious "Holy Alliance" grew.

Chief among the new politicians was the educated youth of the country, notably the students' associations (*Burschenschaften*). In those days it was treason, punishable by imprisonment, to talk of reconstituting the German Empire, and consequently up rose the Secret Societies intent upon internal reformation. The *Burschenschaften*, by the way, contributed enormously to the popular song-lore.

One of the most powerful war-hymns was that of Arndt, the first verse of which runs:

"Der Gott, der Eisen wachsen liess,
Der wollte keine Knechte;
Drum gab er Lanze, Schwert und Spiess;
Dem Mann in seine Rechte.
Drum gab er ihm dem kühnen Muth
Den Zorn der freien Rede;
Dass er bestünde bis auf's Blut
Bis in dem Tod de Fehde."

Ernst Moritz Arndt was also the author of "What is the German Fatherland?" ("Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland"). He was a cultivated writer and a professor at the universities.

He was born in 1769, in the Isle of Rügen, and died in 1860. But it was not till ten years later that the prophesy of his song was fulfilled:

"Where'er men speak in German tongue,
Where German songs to God are sung,
That only be thy boundary line—
That, valiant German, call it thine.
The whole of Germany shall it be!
O, God of Heav'n, look down and see,
And German courage to us send,
To love and guard it to the end."

The unfortunate Körner, author of the "Schwertlied," who wrote several plays of considerable merit, also published a great many songs under the title, "Leyer und Schwert" ("Lyre and Sword"). Karl Theodor Körner was the son of very respectable parents, of Saxony. He was born in 1791, and had as a lad the happiness to be acquainted with the great Schiller. Although somewhat delicate, he was a handsome and accomplished youth, and gave promise of immense intellectual strength. He studied with success at the universities of Leipsic, Berlin, and Vienna, and at the age of twenty appeared as poet with a tragedy that had a large measure of popularity. He had known Schiller and Goethe, and now became intimate with Humboldt and Schegel.

Just at the time that Prussia's call to arms resounded through the length and breadth of the land, he fell in love with a beautiful maiden, and they were duly betrothed. But his country called upon him to fight, and so he joined the corps of volunteers known as "The Black Huntsmen." The following is extracted from a letter to his father: "Now that I know what happiness may be realized in this life, and when all the stars of my destiny look down on me with such genial rays, now does a righteous inspiration tell me that no sacrifice can be too great for that highest of all human blessings, the vindication of a nation's freedom."

His prowess and daring soon caused him to be made a lieutenant, and during the intervals of rest he wrote many a lyric round the bivouac fires, and in particular the fine "War Song," "The Summons to Arms," and the magnificent "Prayer before Battle."

He composed his famous "Sword Song," "Du Schwert an meiner Linken," when lying in ambush waiting for the foe during the month of August, 1813. Two hours later he was shot dead, some authorities say, by a renegade countryman in a skirmish near Wöbbelin, in Mecklenburg, while others say by the French soldiery, who surprised and surrounded them.

The lyric was found in his pocket-book. He was buried by the roadside near an oak tree, and a monument marks the resting-place of this brave patriot, who was only twenty-two when he was killed. I give the first verse of the "Sword Song" in the original, and some extracts from a most spirited translation by Miss Elizabeth Craigmyle—the very best that has ever been done, though there are numbers extant:

"Du Schwert an meiner Linken,
Was soll dein heitres Blinken?
Bin freien Mannes Wehr,
Das freut dem Schwerte sehr."

"Sword at my left side gleaming,
Why are thy glances beaming
Upon me, shyly-sweet,
With joy thine eyes I greet!

"My heart for joy is leaping,
Within a brave knight's keeping;
How should my glance be staid?
I am a free man's blade!

* * * * *

"Now leave that sheath unsightly,
Thou joy to all the knightly;
Flash out, my sword, flash free!
I lead thee forth with me."

There are sixteen verses, all of surprising power and stirring rhythm. The music, which was

composed by Weber, has added greatly to the celebrity of the passionate stanzas.

Many other national songs were written later, such as "Deutschland über Alles," by Hoffmann von Fallersleben. The chief modern patriotic song is, of course, "Die Wacht am Rhein;" the hymn "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz," by the way, is sung to the same tune as "God Save the Queen." (The histories of both of these songs will be found in later chapters of this work.) The Rhine comes in for a good share of notice in patriotic poems. The well-known song of Nicolaus Becker, written about the year 1840, and entitled "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben, den freien Deutschen Rhein" ("They—the French—shall not have it, the free German Rhine"), was answered by the satirical poem of Alfred de Musset, "Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand" ("We have had it already, your German Rhine!").

In Prussia the favourite patriotic song in the fifties and sixties was "Ich bin ein Preusse, Kennt ihr meine Farben?" ("I am a Prussian, do you know my colours?"). It is now somewhat out of date, but the melody, by A. Neithardt, which is stirring, is frequently adapted to other songs. The patriotic songs of the present day are mostly tame and commonplace; there

is a sameness about the expressions that make them exceedingly feeble and unexciting. In Germany, as in all countries, stirring songs are only written at stirring times. The song "Schleswig-Holstein, Meerumschlungen" is still remembered in North Germany; it dates from the period when the provinces Schleswig and Holstein were struggling with Denmark for their independence. This capital piece was written in 1844 by Chemnitz. "Patriotic" songs were common under Frederick the Great, but they were mainly mere glorifications of the famous commander, and with the exception perhaps of "Fredericus Rex," I have not come across any of particular merit.

National ideas were chiefly carried on after the fall of the French First Empire by the gymnastic associations (*Turnvereine*,), which were very numerous just after 1816. In Germany, it is well to bear in mind, gymnastics have always been, more or less, mixed up with politics—a questionable blend which, happily, is now going out, and only lingers from force of tradition.

In the turbulent times of 1848 and 1849 "Die Fahne Schwarz-roth-gold" was very much the vogue. The principal popular song writers of this century (they are all dead) are Schenken-

dorf, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Rückert (read his "How Christ came to a Lonely Child"), Heine, Geibel, Scheffel, and Freiligrath ("Hurra, Germania" and "Were I before the Gates of Mecca"), besides of course the great masters, known to all the world.

It is not my intention to treat of the songs founded on the Rhine legends—they are too many, and many of these beautiful pieces are familiar, as, for instance, Heine's lovely lyric, "Die Loreley." Freiligrath and Scheffel are favourites with all English lovers of the ballad; the latter and Chamisso have produced some exquisite humorous and pathetic poems. "The Widow's Son" and "The Toy of the Giant's Child" are splendid specimens of Chamisso's talent. Rückert's "Barbarossa" (the old legand of the Emperor Frederick Red Beard, whom the popular imagination of the Middle Ages pictured as confined underground with his beard growing through the stone table at which he was sitting!) is still a leading favourite in student circles. The touching ballad, "Andreas Hofer," is much sung in South Germany and the Tyrol. Andreas Hofer is the name of the heroic innkeeper who was shot as a rebel in 1810.

Humorous, agreeable songs—mostly of a bacchanalian character—are as plentiful as black-

berries in September, and need no further mention. And of course Germany at the present time is very rich in lyric writers of varying ability. They do not make song-writing a mere trade as is the habit with so many of our own drawing-room bards.

And now let us inquire into the story of the "Watch on the Rhine." This was written by Max Schneckenburger in 1840, and, as is not uncommon in the history of literature, it has superseded much better poems on the subject. It was selected from a great number to be the war song of 1870, when it immediately "caught on" and took the place of Körner's "Schwertlied." Schneckenburger was a quiet and perfectly obscure Swabian merchant who, as far as I have been able to discover, was never moved to write, or at any rate publish, any more than this one song, and did not live to enjoy the fame that was thrust upon it during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. "The Watch on the Rhine" had a rival in a piece that commenced:

> "It never shall be France's,
> The free, the German Rhine,
> Until its broad expanse is
> Its last defender's shrine."

But the martial "Watch" became the universal favourite when the aged King of Prussia rode

forth to meet and vanquish the foe, and with the defeat of France the dream of Bismarck's life was realized, for, having quarrelled with and conquered and annexed Schleswig-Holstein, Prussia assumed the head of a United Germany —the best thing, as events have proved, that could have happened to the Fatherland.

"Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,
Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall:
Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum Deutschen Rhein,
Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein?
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein."

The music was composed first as a chorus for male voices by Carl Wilhelm, music teacher and conductor, who was born at Schmalkalden and died some eight or nine years ago, says Fanny Raymond Ritter. But there is another account given of the composition of this great national song by Carl Hauser, which is very curious. The song, says this writer, composed by Carl Wilhelm, was not originally intended for a national hymn. Carl Wilhelm was a thorough Bohemian, and wrote some of his best compositions on lager beer tables amid fumes of tobacco smoke. He had a great difficulty in selling his compositions, even cheap, and when

he struck a bargain it was generally employed in settling his beer score. On one occasion a friend of Wilhelm, a schoolmaster, asked him as a favour to compose a chorus for his pupils, which they would sing on prize-distribution day. Wilhelm acceded. The promise was kept, and the school teacher wrote words appropriate for the event. Later he unscrupulously sold the manuscript so generously composed for a special object, and thus the "Wacht am Rhein" was brought to light with what success everybody knows. Thousands of copies were sold all over the world, but poor Wilhelm derived no benefit therefrom. Neither of these stories is quite correct; the music was composed by Carl Wilhelm in 1854. It was first sung with united choruses at Crefeld, June 11th, 1854. Wilhelm was born at Schmalkalden, September 5th, 1815. He was appointed director of the Liedertafel at Crefeld in 1840, and held the post until 1865. In 1871 he was granted an annual pension of one hundred and fifty pounds, and died at his native place in 1873.

There are numberless English versions of the "Watch on the Rhine," for it was exceptionally popular in England during the seventies. One by C. H. P. (published by Cramer and Co.) is worthy of mention, as also is another

by Herbert Fry, but I am inclined to consider the translation by Lady Natalie MacFarren as being superior to any that has appeared, though not faultless, and consequently I give it in extenso from Chappell's edition:

"Like gathering thunder spreads a cry,
Like clash of arms when battle's nigh,
The Rhine! there's danger to the Rhine!
Who'll shield it from the foe's design?
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine,
Steadfast and true, we guard our German Rhine.

"The tidings flash through million hearts,
From million flaming eyes it darts;
Our valiant sons, in danger strong,
Will guard our hallow'd stream from wrong!

"What though the foe my life should quench,
I know thy wave will ne'er be French;
And ample as thy tide of blue,
The living stream of heroes true.

"The shades of heroes past and gone.
Upon our deeds are looking down;
By home and Fatherland we swear
The foeman from thy banks to scare.

"While through my veins the life is poured,
As long as I can hold a sword,
No stranger shall our land despoil,
No foeman desecrate our soil.

"Proclaim the vow from shore to shore,
Let banners wave and cannons roar,
The Rhine! the lovely German Rhine,
To keep it Germans all combine.
Dear Fatherland, all fear resign,
Stout hearts and true will keep watch on the Rhine."

Max Schneckenburger, the author, died in Berne in 1849. His remains were piously brought back to his native place, Thalheim in Wurtemberg, where a handsome monument has been raised to honour the name and fame of the poet.

The most popular song of the German soldiers during the war of 1870–71 was the so-called "Kutschke Lied." In the "Neue Preussische Zeitung" of August 14th, 1870, there was a paragraph, probably by Hesekiel, stating: "Among the many songs of this war, decidedly the best of the hero songs is that composed by Fusilier Kutschke of the Fortieth Regiment at the advanced posts at Saarbrück. As he saw the French running away at the edge of the wood he sang:

"'Was Kraucht da in dem Busch herum?
Ich glaube es ist Napolium.'

"Both text and words are simple and thoroughly soldierly. 'Hurrah for Kutschke!'"

Charlot's "Chanson des Allemands contre la France pendant la guerre d'invasion 1870–1871" attributes the composition to a Prussian general, probably the Crown Prince. It was evident, indeed, that the song was the work of a man of education, who was attempting to write in a popular style. The real author was one of the most unpopular men of his day, a declared Lichtfeind, afterward a Lutheran minister at Basedow, in Mecklenburg, who had been a soldier in his youth. The song is a development of some verses written about the first Napoleon:

"Was hat der rum za Kraachen dort?
Drauf, Kameraden, jagt ihn fort,"

and originally consisted of four stanzas that were printed in the "Mecklenburgische Anzeiger" for the first time. At once various guesses as to the author were made, while presents of all kinds, from all parts, were sent to the army in the field "For the brave fusilier Kutschke." But Pistorius had a rival claimant. A Rhineland poet arose and said that he had written a song exactly the same in a Rhenish railroad car, where he had left it lying, and that in all probability Pistorius had picked it up. Pistorius was most likely never on a Rhenish

railroad in his life, and the Rhenish poet finally abandoned his claim. The only present accepted by Pistorius was one sent from Chicago "Für Kutschke."

The other Kutschke Lieder, eight in number, such as "Ne ganze Erbswursch wett' ich drauf," were written by Gustav Schenk, editor of the "Berliner Fremdenblatt." Pistorius died in 1877.

The whole song, however, is inspired by the old song of the War of the Liberation that begins:

"Immer langsam voran, immer langsam voran,
Dass die östreich'sche Landwehr nachkommen kann!

"Wir Oestreicher sein goar prave Leit',
Wir marschiren des Tags in holbe Meile weit.

"Das Marschiren nimmt halt goar kan End'.
Weil vener per Uffziere die Landkoarten kennt;"

in which occur the lines:

"Bie Leipzig woar anne grusze Schlacht,
Do hoan bärr zähn Tute zu Gesangenen gemacht.

"Woas schleicht ock durt im Puscherum?
Doas is gewiets Napolium.

"Reiszt aus, reiszt aus, reiszt olle, olle aus!
Durt stiht a feindliches Schilderhaus!"

Whereupon let us ask, "Is there anything new in the world?"

CHAPTER VIII

THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER," "YANKEE DOODLE," AND OTHER AMERICAN SONGS

Up to the present America, apart from the fact that she has not produced any great composer or even song writer of note, has not succeeded in inventing any national anthem worthy of her eminence and power. Minor songs of a more or less negro blend have been turned out in thousands, and have grown into favour with the general public of most nations. But as yet only the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "Hail, Columbia," and "America" have appeared as national productions, neither of which is in any way admirable. The eccentric "Yankee Doodle," of which I shall speak in detail later, seems to be more universal than any of the purely American pieces, and that is not American at all. In a national air worthy of the grandeur of a great nation, simplicity and strength should be dominant features, but neither of the pieces I have mentioned exhibits these qualities, in fact they

are wofully commonplace; the grand American hymn has yet to be written, and fame and fortune await poet and musician alike who shall step into the breach to sing their country's glories. Up to the year 1812, "Yankee Doodle," with its ridiculous refrain:

> "Yankee doodle, keep it up,
> Yankee doodle dandy;
> Mind the music and the step,
> And with the girls be handy."

was the only national song our cousins had.

The "Star-Spangled Banner" would appear to have been more or less of an inspiration. One account says that in the war of 1812 Francis Key was taken prisoner by the British, and that during the attack on Fort McHenry, which he was compelled to witness, he composed the now famous verses. But it is also said that at the time they were written, Key was not held as a prisoner on board the British Fleet under Admiral Cockburn, as has been generally supposed; but that he had visited it under a flag of truce to obtain the release of a friend captured by the enemy, and was unable to return to Baltimore until the day following the attack upon Fort McHenry. He thus became a spectator of the midnight siege, and in the morn-

ing, seeing the flag still floating from the ramparts, the words of the "Star-Spangled Banner" took form almost involuntarily in his mind. He speedily committed the lines to paper, and read them on his return to a party of his comrades who received them with unbounded enthusiasm. The circumstances, says Mr. Charles F. Adams, attending their first reading and of their being set to music, are narrated by Mr. Hendon, who was one of the party, as follows:

"It was a rude copy and written in a scrawl that Horace Greeley might have mistaken for his own. He (Francis Key) read it aloud once, twice, three times, until the entire division seemed electrified by its pathetic eloquence. An idea seized Ferdinand Durang. Hunting up a volume of old flute music, which was in my tent, impatiently whistled snatches of tune after tune as they caught his eye. One, called 'Anacreon in Heaven' struck his fancy and riveted his attention. Note after note fell from his puckered lips, until with a leap and a shout he exclaimed, 'Boys, I've hit it!' and fitting the tune to the words, there rang out for the first time the song of the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' How the men shouted and clapped! for never was there poetry set to music made under such inspiring influences? It was caught up in the

camps, sung around our bivouac fires, and whistled in the streets, and when peace was declared and we scattered to our houses, it was carried to thousands of firesides as the most precious relic of the war of 1812."

Here are the verses of the "Star-spangled Banner" as written by Francis Scott Key, who was born in 1780 and died 1843.

"Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh! say, does the Star-spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

"On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream,
'Tis the Star-spangled Banner! Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

"Oh! thus be it ever, when foemen shall stand
Between their loved home and foul war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace may the Heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause is so just,
And this be our motto—'In God is our trust!'
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

The song was first sung in a tavern near the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, by Ferdinand Durang. The tune, "Anacreon in Heaven," was composed by John Stafford Smith betweeen 1770 and 1775 to words by Ralph Tomlinson president of the Anacreontic Society, which held its meetings at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand, London.

There is no romance whatever attached to the origin of "Hail, Columbia," the words of which are very tame and little better than doggerel. We know of no other lyric by Francis Key than the one quoted above, and we know of no other than the "Hail, Columbia" of Judge Joseph Hopkinson. The judge wrote this song in 1798 to oblige an actor named Fox, who sang it with great success at one of the theatres in Wilkesbarre, Penusylvania. The music was taken from a piece called "The President's March," which had seen the light ten years previously. It was composed by a German named Fyles on some special visit of Washington's to the John Street Theatre, New

York. I present the first verse and chorus as specimens of the whole.

"Hail, Columbia, happy land!
Hail ye heroes! heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause—
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause!
And when the storm of war had gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost!
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

"Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find."

It would be interesting to know how a man could "rally" round his liberty. The author died in 1842.

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" was written by Timothy Dwight, ancestor of the famous president of Yale College. Dwight was a law student, but as there was a dearth of chaplains in the revolutionary army he joined Parson's Brigade of the Connecticut Line as a chaplain, and it was during the time that he held office that he wrote this lyric, the only one of his many poems and songs that has endured to the present day. It was very popular at one

period. After leaving the army, Dwight became president of the Yale College, a position he held till his death, which occurred in 1817.

A very hastily composed song was "America," written by the Rev. Samuel Francis Smith (born 1808) in 1832 at Andover Seminary, Mass. Though very unpretentious, it has secured a permanent place in the hearts of the people. The words were written to "God Save the Queen," the tune to which the lyric is still sung.

During the great Civil War many stirring lays issued forth, though the majority are quite forgotten now. An exception is "Marching through Georgia," with its almost irresistible melody. It was written by Henry C. Work, who wrote quite a number of patriotic and homely songs that were at one time exceedingly popular. Dr. George F. Root also was responsible for a vast quantity of military songs, his "Battle Cry of Freedom" was not the least striking of the northern melodies. "From the year 1861 till the close of the war, it was heard everywhere; and it is a matter of history that the Union cause was aided in many a critical juncture by its stirring strains. Dr. Root is doubtless entitled to the position of America's foremost writer of war songs. His composi-

tions in all number nearly sixty, among them being 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching,' 'Just before the Battle, Mother,' 'The Vacant Chair,' and many others that will be recalled by all veteran soldiers." Dr. Root was born in 1820 and died in 1896.

In the course of a sympathetic article in the "Chicago Tribune" at the end of 1887 the writer speaks feelingly of the songs of two and three decades ago. How many of the popular songs, he inquires, can the old folk of the day recall? How many of the melodies that thrilled them in the days of their hot youth have found an abiding place in their memory? The evolution of the popular song presents a striking illustration of the survival of the unfittest. The great sentimental ditty of the ante-war period was undoubtedly "Ben Bolt." The untimely death of something lovable and beautiful was the usual theme of the song of sentiment in those days, though it varied occasionally in order to picture the heart havoc caused by the separation of slave lovers. "Ben Bolt," written by Dr. Thomas Dunn English, was an enormous success all over the country, and was as well known in England as America. It received a new lease through Du Maurier's "Trilby" in 1895. The music was adapted to the poem by

a tenor named Nelson Kneas from a German melody fifty years ago.

"Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown;
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?"

Other songs, sung by minstrel and other troupes, that swept through the country like a cyclone, were "Darling Nelly Gray" and "O Susanna," both depicting the suffering of slave lovers.

"Oh! my poor Nellie Gray,
They have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more,"

was heard on every side and voiced by all sorts of singers. "O Susanna" was more in the comic vein, and the request, "Don't you cry for me" was based on the consoling fact that "I've come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee." "Uncle Ned," that curious old nigger we all knew in our youth, was of earlier growth, and may still be met with in old-fashioned places occasionally. Dan Emmett's "Dixie" and Harrington's "Swanee River" (which has been revived again quite recently in London) have proved the most prominent and

lasting of the ante-war melodies. Stephen Colin Foster, who so happily caught the negro musical methods and eccentricities, was one of the most popular song writers that America has ever had. He was born of Irish parents near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on July 4th, 1826, and died in New York, January 13th, 1864. He wrote the words and music of such old-time favourites as "The old Folks at Home," "Willie, we have missed you," which resembles "Jock o' Hazledean," "O Susanna," "Come where my love lies dreaming," "My old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the cold, cold Ground," "Uncle Ned," "Old Dog Tray," "Poor old Joe," and many more.

As regards the composition of the favourite Confederate air, "Dixie," many conflicting accounts have been given, but it seems quite certain that it was not as has been supposed—I am quoting from Mr. Adams again—of southern origin. The song was written and composed in New York in 1859 by Daniel Emmet, at that time a principal member of Bryant's Minstrels, as a "grand walk round" for their entertainment. The familiar expression upon which the song was founded was not a southern phrase, but first appeared among the circus people of the North. Emmet travelled with many of

these companies, when "the South" was considered by showmen to be all routes below Mason and Dixon's line. As the cold weather approached, the performers would think of the genial warmth of the section they were headed for, and the exclamation would be, "Well, I wish I was in Dixie!" The remembrance of this gave Emmet the catch line, and the remainder of the song is claimed to be original. It was continually used during the struggle between North and South, and the rest of the world wondered as half a great nation took up arms to the sound of "John Brown's soul is marching on," while the other half answered by defiantly playing the comic "Dixie's Land."

A sentimental ballad, says the "Tribune," called "Lorena," was an immense favourite in the sixties, and for thirty years previous to the appearance and philosophy of "Old Rosin the Bow" became known to every one. A state of warfare has always proved conducive to song. The flourishing condition of minstrelsy in ages past was due largely to the warlike and adventurous spirit of the times. During the civil war both sides were prolific in song-making. The South made the first striking hit with Randall's "Maryland, my Maryland." The "Bonnie

Blue Flag" was the Southern national air, and was to the boys in gray what "Yankee Doodle" was to the boys in blue. The Southern women took it up with marvellous enthusiasm, and the chorus rang wildly through every city and town.

"The Bonnie Blue Flag" was written in 1862 by Mrs. Annie Chambers-Ketchum to an Irish melody adapted or composed by Henry McCarthy. The authoress of the words is still alive.

Among the other living lyrics of the war, sentimental and otherwise, were Charles Carroll Sawyer's "Who will care for Mother now?" and "When this cruel War is over." Then came "Fairy Bell," "Annie of the Dell," "Toll the Bell for lovely Nell," "Wait for the Waggon," "Lily Dale," "Old Cabin Home," "Fair, fair, with golden Hair," and "Daisy Dean," by various writers. To these may be added F. H. Smith's "Tenting to-night on the old Camp Ground," S. J. Adams's "We are coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More," and the rollicking "When Johnny comes marching home again," said to have been composed by the celebrated Patrick S. Gilmore. Does anybody remember this curious production?

"When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah! hurrah!
The girls will sing, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel quite gay,
When Johnny comes marching home!"

The military and volunteer bands used to play it, but we have not heard the old air for years now. One of the great war songs of the North was "John Brown's soul is marching on," and *not* the "Star-Spangled Banner." A truly beautiful song, popular with North and South during the war, was "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," written by an Irish-American, D. K. O'Donnel, and composed by Florence Percy. This, of course, is well-known in England also. The South produced two war-songs that evince genuine poetic feeling, and have been accorded unstinted praise by the critics. They are "The Conquered Banner," by Father Ryan, and "All quiet along Potomac to-night," by Lamar Fountaine. That most pathetic poem,—was it not written by a Miss (or Mrs.) Rose Carey?—"Somebody's Darling," was produced about this period, and touched many a parent's heart.

It is not always easy to fathom the reason of the popularity of any particular song.

Often the most absurd mixture of bathos and sense will fascinate the public, while a really genuine effusion falls flat. It is certain that after the internecine war the quality of the songs fell off considerably, though the quantity increased, and we must confess that some of the very worst specimens of English music-hall songs, introduced by various burlesque and variety troupes, assisted in the downfall of taste and sentiment. However, the Americans are too independent not to be able to retrieve their lost position in the song world, and many clever poets and composers are working to-day towards that devoutly to be wished consummation.

And now let us turn our attention to that peculiar production, "Yankee Doodle." With all due reservation I first give what is supposed to be the origin of the word "Yankee." "Yankee" is stated to be an Indian corruption of the word English,—Yenglees, Yangles, Yanklees, and finally Yankee. It grew into general use as a term of reproach thus: About the year 1713 one Jonathan Hastings, a farmer at Cambridge, in New England, used the word Yankee as a cant word to express excellence, as a Yankee (good) horse, Yankee cider, and so on. The students at the college having frequent

intercourse with Jonathan, and hearing him employ the word on all occasions when he desired to express his approbation, applied it sarcastically, and called him Yankee Jonathan. It soon became a slang phrase among the collegians to designate a simple, awkward person; thence it spread over the country till from its currency in New England it was at length taken up and applied to the New Englanders indiscriminately. It was in consequence of this, says a recent writer, that the song called "Yankee Doodle" was composed. As this last statement is erroneous, it will be just as well to take the rest of the story with a pinch of salt.

From Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" I extract the following: "The origin of the American national air is enveloped in almost as great obscurity as that which surmounts the authorship of 'God Save the King.' Though the song is but little more than a century old, the number of different accounts of its origin which are given in American works is extremely bewildering." Precisely, each "authority" seems to have lighted upon a first legend concerning it. One writer says, "The time-honoured tune of 'Yankee Doodle,' which was our only national anthem in con-

tinental days, has been traced as far back as Oliver Cromwell's time, when, in words similar to our own it was sung in derision of the Great Protector (or Usurper, whichever you like). The air was handed down to the Puritans, and finally became a New England jig. In the natural order of things, it was fitted with appropriate words by some revolutionary rhymester, and served such an excellent purpose in satirizing the British troops, that it was adopted throughout the colonies as the patriotic song of the Sons of Liberty. At the present day, no American Fourth of July, or other festive occasion, is considered complete without its rendition, and its perennial music bids fair to last as long as the Republic itself."

I refrain from enlarging upon the irony of Paul's stealing the thunder to play upon Peter. There is much that seems probable in the above account, and it has received the support of most American papers during the last fifty years. There was an ancient rhyme that ran,

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
On a little pony,
He stuck a feather in his cap,
And called it Macaroni."

"Yankee Doodle" is said to have been a

nickname for Cromwell, who was also called Macaroni; it is also said that another ballad, "Roundheads and Cavaliers," was sung to the same melody.

"This story" (about the royal party calling Cromwell Macaroni), says the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," "is said to occur in the 'Musical Reporter' of May, 1841, but whoever invented it showed lack of antiquarian knowledge in fixing upon the period of the Civil Wars as the date of the song." The Macaroni Club, by the way, was in existence from 1750 to 1770, and this is believed to have been the first introduction of the word Macaroni into the common language. The Rev. T. Woodfal Ebsworth, "undoubtedly the greatest living authority on English ballads," conclusively disproves the Cromwellian origin. Several nursery rhymes are even now sung by children to the tune of Yankee Doodle, including "Lucy Locket," and "Rosy's in the Garden." Various well-meaning folk have asserted its connection with certain pieces, and have gone so far as to attempt to trace it to such differing sources as Dutch, Spanish, and Hungarian music. But whoever invented the melody, whether it was carried to America, say by the Pilgrim Fathers, if antiquity is desired,

or not, it is very evident that it was very popular so far back as 1730. Dr. Shuckburgh, it is true, has been credited with originating the air, but in all probability he only wrote the words, and as he was a surgeon in the army (1737) he no doubt suggested its adoption by the troops. There are so many versions of the "lyric" extant that it is almost impossible to fix the date of the birth of the first. But no matter what may be said for or against the song, beyond all question it belongs to America and the Americans by long possession. And as the Hon. Stephen Salisbury said, in an address delivered before the American Antiquarian Society, October 21st, 1872: "Yankee Doodle is national property, but it is not a treasure of the highest value. It has some antiquarian claims for which its friends do not care. It cannot be disowned, and it will not be disused. In its own words,

> " 'It suits for feasts, it suits for fun,
> And just as well for fighting.'

It exists now as an instrumental and not as a vocal performance. Its words are never heard, and, I think, would not be acceptable in America for public or private entertainments. And its music must be silent when serious purposes are

entertained and men's hearts are moved to high efforts and great sacrifices."

According to the "Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians" published by Messrs. Scribner in New York, the piece is "a national air of American origin unknown. The trivial words of the original song, *in derision of the ill-assorted provincial troops*, are said to have been written by Dr. Shuckburgh, who served as surgeon under General Amherst during the French and Indian war. Several versions of the song, the original of which was 'The Yankee's Return from Camp,' are extant. The tune, always called 'Yankee Doodle,' from the chorus or refrain, has passed through various changes. The historical associations connecting the air with the American Revolution, when it was universally played, have prevented criticism of the melody, which is simple and incisive, but shrill and shallow. It is almost certainly of English origin, though it has been ascribed to various countries and probably dates from the eighteenth century." I can supplement this by adding that the tune of "Yankee Doodle" appears in Dr. Samuel Arnold's comic opera, "Two to One," written by George Colman the elder, which was produced "with universal applause" (as the title page tells) at the Theatre Royal in the

Haymarket. The score of this opera was published by Hamilton and Co., Paternoster Row, July 5th, 1784. The tune "Yankee Doodle" is so called in the score of the opera, showing that it was well known by that name before that time. In the opera it is sung by a character called Dicky Ditto, impersonated by Mr. John Edwin, a celebrated burletta actor and singer in his too brief day. The words of the song are the veriest trash imaginable, and too vulgar to be quoted—and this was the work of the great George Colman, who, when he was appointed examiner of plays, expunged the mildest of oaths and expletives.

Of the original words of "Yankee Doodle, or the Yankee's Return from Camp," it is impossible to say one good thing. They are to be seen in the British Museum on a single sheet, quarto, printed about 1825 (?), and sold at the time by L. Denning, Hanover Street, Boston. The chorus I have previously given; there are fifteen stanzas, and each succeeding one from the beginning grows more idiotic. The first verse is:

"Father and I went down to Camp,
Along with Captain Gooding;
There we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding."

The second verse:

"And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be savèd!"

Here is the eleventh verse:

"And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em."

But I think I have quoted sufficient to show the kind of senseless stuff it is—and yet what a sensation the melody has made in the world!

Before taking leave of this eccentric composition I may add that, in the "Illustrated London News" for February 16th and March 1st, 1856, it is authoritatively stated that "Yankee Doodle" was based upon "Kitty Fisher's Jig." This "Jig" is to be found in Walsh's collection of dances published in 1745, and is there associated with the well-known nursery rhyme:

"Lucky Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Not a penny was there in 't,
Only binding round it."

These two ladies flourished in the reign of the second George, and were well-known

characters—rival dancers, in all probability, says Mr. F. Rimbault. Another correspondent in the "News" says, "In my youth I was accustomed to hear a song of which Kitty Fisher and the famous Countess of Coventry, who were rival beauties in their respective lines, were the heroines." He proceeds to give extracts from the not very elegant song he refers to. Many particulars about these curious ladies and the manners and customs of the age in which they lived are to be found in "Mr. Grenville's Correspondence," edited by the Duke of Buckingham, published in 1855.

Kitty Fisher's portrait was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the suggestive character of "Cleopatra dissolving the Pearl" for the Lord Bovingdon of that day. "Kitty Fisher's Jig" is in all probability a misprint for "Fisher's Jig," this last bearing a strong resemblance to the tune while the first does not. A "Yanky Doodle" was certainly published in Aird's "Selection of Scotch, English, and Irish Airs," vol. i., 1782. "Fisher's Jig," besides being in Walsh's dances, reappears in Thomson and Sons' "Twenty-four Country Dances," 1760, and again in 1773.

A meritorious version of the song was written by one, J. S. Fessenden, "Original Poems,"

1804—but there are forty-eight stanzas, so I refrain from quoting. Indeed, to go into the subject fully a volume would be required to be written.

Though, as I have already stated, America has not sent any musical genius into the world yet, she has at least given birth to one composer and pianist of considerable merit. I refer to Louis Moreau Gottschalk, born at New Orleans, May 8th, 1829. His melodies were frequently brilliant, though inclined to sentimentalism and were almost invariably Spanish in tone and expression. He died at Rio de Janeiro, December 18th, 1869.

CHAPTER IX

"AULD ROBIN GRAY" AND "LES CONSTANTES AMOURS D'ALIX ET D'ALEXIS"

Up to the present no one has ever questioned Lady Anne Barnard's claim to the authorship of the words of "Auld Robin Gray," and, though I am not going to cast doubt upon the fame of the writer at this late day, I shall shortly show that prior, not only to the appearance but to the writing of the world-famous song, there was a French ballad extant containing the gist of the story and the plot, by Paradis de Moncrif, entitled "Les Constantes Amours d'Alix et d'Alexis." But there is one very curious thing about Lady Anne Barnard, and that is that we have no record whatever of her ever having written any other song or composed anything else of literary merit whatever, with one slight exception, and yet she is said to have been inspired with the idea of "Auld Robin Gray" when "she was quite a girl,"—as a matter of fact, when she was twenty-one—in the year 1771. It seems to have been almost a preco-

cious inspiration that surprised itself into silence. Before giving the history of Lady Anne's song I may mention that the author of the French romance mentioned above, and to which I shall refer fully later, *died* in 1770 at the age of seventy-three.

From an article contributed by the Reverend A. B. Grosart, LL.D., to the "Dictionary of National Biography," I extract the following information: "Lady Anne Barnard, was the eldest daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres, by his wife Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple, of Castleton. She was born December 8th, 1750, and married, in 1793, Andrew Barnard, son of Thomas, Bishop of Limerick. They went to the Cape (she and her husband) where her husband died in 1807, without issue. Lady Anne returned to London and lived with her sister in Berkeley Square until 1812. The sister's house was a literary centre, and was frequented by Burke, Sheridan, Windham, Douglas, and the Prince of Wales, who were all habitual visitors. Lady Anne won the life-long attachment of the Prince Regent. 'Auld Robin Gray' was written by Lady Anne when she was twenty-one years old. It was published anonymously, and various persons claimed the authorship. Lady Anne did not

acknowledge it as her own until two years before her death when she wrote to Sir Walter Scott and confided the history of the ballad to him. Lady Anne Barnard died May 6th, 1825, in her seventy-fourth year."

Mr. Æneas Mackay, in a paper entitled "The Songs and Ballads of Fife" which appeared in "Blackwood" for September, 1891, says: "A song altogether of Fife origin and authorship marks the commencement of the period of modern ballads. It will be acknowledged that 'Auld Robin Gray' has few superiors, either amongst its predecessors or successors, though to call it the 'King of Scottish Ballads,' as Chambers does, is to raise it to a dangerous eminence which it would not be prudent even for the most patriotic native of the 'Kingdom' to claim for it." And he then gives an extract from the letter Lady Anne Barnard wrote in 1823 to Sir Walter Scott, who had referred in the "Pirate" to "Jeannie Gray," the village heroine in Lady Anne Lindsay's beautiful ballad. From Dr. Charles Mackay's "Thousand and One Gems of Songs" (1889) I quote as below:

"This beautiful ballad, of which the authorship was long a mystery, was written by Lady Anne Lindsay. . . . It appears to have been composed at the commencement of 1772, when

the author was yet a young girl. It was published anonymously and acquired great popularity. No one, however, came forward to lay claim to the laurels lavished upon it; and a literary controversy sprang up to decide the authorship. Many conjectured that it was as old as the days of David Rizzio, if not composed by that unfortunate minstrel himself, while others considered it of a much later date. The real author was, however, suspected; and, ultimately, when her ladyship was an old woman, Sir Walter Scott received a letter from Lady Anne herself openly avowing that she had written it."

Before giving Lady Anne's version, it would be interesting to know why she was suspected of being the author. The song was published in 1776 and also in 1790. Was she suspected of being the author before she went to the Cape after her marriage with Andrew Barnard in 1793, or after her return to England in 1808? She died in 1825; the Rev. William Leeves, who composed the *second* and now familiar air (it is said in 1770, in "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians") did not die until 1828. As he must have known who was the real author, it is a pity that we do not possess his corroboration as an historical fact. However, *revenons à nos romance:* Lady Anne stated

that she had been long suspected by her more intimate friends, and often questioned with respect to the mysterious ballad, but that she had always managed to keep her secret to herself without a direct and absolute denial. She was induced to write the song by a desire to see an old plaintive Scottish air ("The bridegroom grat when the sun gaed down"), which was a favourite with her sister, fitted with words more suitable to its character than the ribaldry which had hitherto, for want of better, been sung to it. She had previously been endeavouring to while the tedium occasioned by her sister's marriage and departure for London by the composition of verses; but of all she had written, either before or since, none have reached the merit of this admirable little poem. It struck her that some tale of virtuous distress in humble life would be most suitable to the plaintive melody of her favourite air; and she accordingly set about such an attempt, taking the name of "Auld Robin Gray" from an ancient herd of Balcarres. When she had written two or three of the verses, she called to her junior sister (afterwards Lady Hardwicke) who was the only person near her, and thus addressed her: "I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I have been oppressing my heroine with many mis-

fortunes; I have already sent her Jamie to sea and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines—poor thing! Help me to one." "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. "The cow," adds Lady Anne, "was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed. At our fireside among our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased with the approbation it met with."

This is so circumstantially related that there seems no doubt whatever about the origin of the lyric.

The famous Miss Stephens, afterwards Countess of Essex, is believed to have made the song popular to English ears. It may be noted that the melody of the first four lines differs from the rest, and it is strongly believed that the first part was borrowed from some old Scottish air and the rest set by the Rev. William Leeves. This, indeed, appears certain, and some authorities declared Leeves's music not to be Scottish at all. In any case it was severely criticised by John Hullah. In 1880 the song was published by Messrs. Novello and Co. as "words by Lady Anne Lindsay, set to music by Rev. William

Leeves." The song was first printed anonymously in "Hood's Ancient and Modern Songs," second edition, 1776; also in "Johnson's Museum," 1790, both set to the old air only. A correspondent to "Notes and Queries" (6th Series, vol. v.) says that the words were very popular set to the old air before Miss Stephens sang it. According to Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," the Rev. William Leeves was born in 1748, and became in 1779 rector of Wrington, Somerset, the birthplace of John Locke, the philosopher. He composed some good sacred music, but will be chiefly remembered as the composer of the music of "Auld Robin Gray," which he wrote in 1770, though it was not known as his till 1812. He died May 25th, 1828, at the age of eighty. There is a mistake here. He could not have written the music in 1770, as the words were not written till a year later. Since first writing the history of this song I was favoured, quite by chance, with the hereunder particulars relative to the Rev. William Leeves through a descendant of that composer. The Rev. William Leeves was at one time a lieutenant in the first Foot Guards. He entered His Majesty's service as ensign, June 20th, 1769, and received a lieutenant's commission February 3rd, 1772. He took

orders in 1779, and was appointed to the living of Wrington, in Somersetshire, where he resided as Rector for fifty years. The words of the song were sent him by Lady Anne through the Honourable Mrs. Byron when he was living at Richmond, and presumably whilst he was yet in the army. He was an excellent musician and a skilful player on the violin. When at Wrington, Hannah More, who lived in the village, was on the closest terms of intimacy with the Leeves. It was not until the year 1812 that he made known to the public the fact that he was the composer of the popular air. He communicated the information in a letter to his very dear friend Thomas Hammersley, which is now in the possession of one of his granddaughters. I append a copy.

"My dear Sir, Anxious as you have ever been for the rule of right, as well as for the fair fame of your friends, you have more than once solicited that I would publicly claim an offspring which for more than forty years has been of uncertain origin. Nothing could have induced me to undertake this at my period of life, but the offer of your kind testimony to the genuineness of this, my early production, which an acquaintance with it in manuscript, long before it surreptitiously found its way to the public eye,

enables you so convincingly to bear. As to the story, you may remember that I received it from the Honourable Mrs. Byron, and understood it to have been written by Lady Anne Lindsay," etc.

Mr. Leeves received no remuneration whatever for his music, and had to rest content with the approbation of his private friends!

It is recorded that when Mr. Leeves first heard Miss Stephens (afterwards Countess of Essex) sing "Auld Robin Gray," he was so much delighted with her expression and her melting tones that he shed tears. The songstress was most gratified on hearing of the effect of her singing, and wished to be introduced to the venerable author, which desire was readily gratified.

And now let us examine the old French romance by Paradis de Moncrif. Let me at once acknowledge that my first acquaintance with this poem dates from the early part of 1889, when I came across some correspondence on the subject in the "St. James's Gazette." One gentlemen wrote to the effect that "one of the happiest instances of the kind of plagiarism which, like charity, blesses both giver and receiver, is to be found in the famous ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' which, as some of your

readers may be aware, is taken from the French. The poem of Paradis de Moncrif, which served as a model to Lady Anne Barnard, is entitled, 'Les Constantes Amours d'Alix et d'Alexis,' and though more than a century old, is still considered to be the finest example of what the French call a romance." I beg to disclaim here any extraordinary faith in the certainty with which this writer makes his interesting discovery of similarity between the two pieces; the fact is, I hardly know what to think. He proceeds: "It has the *naïveté* and the prolixity so charming in its apparent triviality proper to that kind of composition; and in comparing it with Lady Anne's poem, it is interesting to observe how in the passage of the tale northwards the romantic beauty of the original gives place to a tragic intensity in harmony with the severer genius of the Scottish Muse." The author of this truly beautiful poem was born in 1687, was made a member of the French Academy in 1733, and died in 1770 at the age of eighty-three, just a year before "Auld Robin Gray" was composed. In the French poem there are thirty-seven stanzas, which are too many to quote. In the first verse, by the way, the poem begins by asking the parents why they should have broken off the engagement between the

young people, as they were so suited to each other. I give versés as under, commencing with the second:

"A sa mère, étant déjà grande,
La pauvre Alix,
A deux genoux, un jour demande
Son Alexis:
Ma mère, il faut par complaisance
Nous marier,
Ma fille, je veux l'alliance
D'un conseiller.

III.

"Un jour . . . quelle malice d'âme
La mere a dit:
Alexis a pris une femme
Sans contredit.
Et puis, lui montrant une lettre,
Lui dit; Voyez,
Il vous écrit; c'est pour permettre
Que l'oubliez."

In the second verse it will be seen that poor Alix falls on her knees and cries to her mother to let her have Alexis. But the mother repulses her, and says she intends that she shall be married to the councillor or judge. In the third verse the mother invents a story to the effect that Alexis has taken a wife and has written to tell her to forget him. In the fourth verse the judge arrived with the notary, and against her

will Alix is married, and all the time the others are making merry her thoughts are far away with her lost lover. In the fifth verse, Alix is made to appear very faithful to her husband and his household, and because of his great love for her tries to love him in return. But in the next verse Alix, grown sad, her husband tries to please her with rich jewels and love-knots. In verse seven :

" Baise-moi, montonne chérie,
Je vais au plaid ;
Tiens, prende de cette orferverie
Ce qui te plaît.
L'argent n'est que pour qu'on se donne
Quelque bon temps ;
N'epargne rien ; voilà, mignonne,
Vingt écus blancs."

The husband takes an affectionate leave of her, as he has to go to the " plea" (the law court, he being a judge,) and gives her more jewellery and money that she may want for nothing. The twelve stanzas that follow describe the return of Alexis, who had been faithful to her, their interview and recognition. Then follow these two verses :

" Alix, mon Alix, mon tant aimée,
Helas ! c'est moi !
Alix, Alix tant regrettée
Ranime-toi !

Ton Alexis vient de Turquie
Tout à l'instant,
Pour te voir et quitter la vie,
En sanglotant.

"Par ces tristes mots ranimée
Alix parla :
Alexis, j'ai ma foi donnée ;
Un autre l'a.
Ne dois vous ouïr de ma vie
Un seul instant :
Mais ne mourez pas, je vous prie ;
Partez pourtant."

In which, as the reader will see, Alexis tells Alix not to give way to despair, and that he has come in great haste from Turkey to see her (having heard of her marriage), and to die with a broken heart. Then Alix revives, but though she has given her faith (or troth) to another, begs him not to die, but to depart. Alexis in the next stanza promises this, but before going away from her for ever, he takes her hand. The husband returns, and seeing them thus together, stabs them both to the heart. Alexis is dead, and Alix, dying, kisses his eyes, and says she dies innocent. Her husband in his jealousy has taken her life, but she dies without regret. And then the husband is seized with remorse, and at night-time the spirit of his wife visits him, and pointing to the wound in her breast "sobs to

him in a long murmur" that he is her assassin. And so the end, except for a rather weak anti-climax in the way of a moral.

I have tried to give a general idea of the story in rough English, though there are some idiomatic phrases in the piece that are not quite clear. It is altogether an elegant and gracefully written poem, full of tender touches. As to its obvious resemblance to "Auld Robin Gray" I make no suggestion, but leave everyone to judge of the remarkable coincidence.

"Auld Robin Gray" was a favourite song with the great Miss Anna Maria Tree, who sang it constantly, as did other less known vocalists.

Augustus J. C. Hare, in "The Story of Two Noble Lives," suggests that Lady Margaret Lindsay was the real victim in "Auld Robin Gray," as written by her sister. It is said, though, that she married "Jamie" after "Robin's"—Mr. Fordyce's—death. I merely repeat this story.

"Auld Robin Gray," which Dr. Cobham Brewer says was written by the authoress to raise some money for the benefit of her nurse—upon what authority I know not—has been adapted to the stage by several writers, both

French and English. There is M. Andre Theuriet's "Jean Marie," avowedly taken from the story of "Auld Robin Gray," which has been translated again into English by three or four different writers. One version, by George Roy, was given at the Imperial Theatre, September 22nd, 1883. And an operetta bearing the same title was produced at the Surrey Theatre in April, 1858, with music by the "late Alexander Lee" who died in 1851. Lee composed the music as far back as 1838. The libretto was written by Edward Fitz-Ball, and the piece was intended for the English Opera at Drury Lane, but the continued illness of Mrs. Waylett, who was to have played Jenny, caused the operetta to be shelved for twenty years. Lee, by the way, married Mrs. Waylett, the celebrated actress. She died of a broken heart, it is said, soon after his death. There was a previous opera of the same name, written by S. J. Arnold, and composed by his father, Dr. Arnold, produced July 26th, 1794, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. The report of the play in the "Thespian Magazine" for September, 1794, says, "The piece is ascribed to the son of Dr. Arnold, and bids fair to become a favourite; the music is selected with great judgment by the father of the author from the most approved

Scotch tunes, and justice was done to it by the performers." The latest stage version of "Auld Robin Gray," entitled "The Wanderers," was successfully performed at Dundee, on Christmas Day, 1893.

CHAPTER X

"KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN" AND "KATTY AVOURNEEN"

It has been said, with more regard for epigram than fact, that this queen amongst Irish songs was born out of its own country, of English parents. But the truth is that though the composer, F. N. Crouch, was an Englishman—he might have been Irish if he had chosen, for there are many of that name in the Green Isle—the writer of the words, Mrs. Julia Crawford, was a true daughter of Erin, having been born in County Cavan towards the close of the last century. By taking up her abode at a small town in Wiltshire when quite young, and where she resided for many years, her few biographers have been led into the error of supposing her to be English. Besides "Kathleen Mavourneen," she wrote over a hundred lyrics, mostly Irish in sentiment, and published, with F. N. Crouch as the composer of the music, a volume of "Irish Songs" in 1840. She wrote, says David J. O'Donoghue in his "Dictionary of the Poets of

Ireland," a great deal of verse for the "Metropolitan Magazine," edited by Captain Marryat (London, 1830–40) and also autobiographical sketches for the same publication. "Her "Kathleen Mavourneen" appeared therein. Unfortunately no one thought it necessary to preserve any particulars of the life and works of this charming writer. She may possibly have been the Mrs. Crawford who published "Stanzas" about 1830, and the following novels between 1830 and 1857: "Lismore," "The Story of a Nun," "Early Struggles," "The Double Marriage," and "The Lady of the Bedchamber."

Frederick Nicholls Crouch led a singularly hard life—one full of vicissitudes and bad luck. When Crouch wrote his greatest song he was travelling for a firm of metal brokers in Cornhill. Afterwards he was appointed musical director at Drury Lane Theatre and brought out many a singer who has long since achieved name and fame. The words, as already stated, were written by Mrs. Crawford, a contemporary of Mrs. Hemans and Sheridan Knowles the Irish dramatist, whose verses were occasionally set by this once eminently fertile composer; among them the "Swiss Song of Meeting" and "Zephyrs of Love" which achieved immediate success through the inimitable singing of Marie

Malibran and Anna Tree, to whom they were respectively dedicated. The melody of "Kathleen Mavourneen," according to Crouch, came as an inspiration one day when he was riding along the banks of the Tamar. Soon afterwards he sang it at Plymouth—for he was a capital ballad singer—and for more than half a century it has continued to find a place in concert programmes. The Queen of Song, Adelina Patti, often gives it to this day. But although the song is said to have brought in profits to the extent of fifteen thousand pounds it did not enrich the composer who only received a small sum down for it originally. So hard were the times with Crouch, and so unkind his country to him, that he who was a friend of the great Rossini when George the Fourth was king, had to emigrate to America in 1849 to earn a living. But matters did not seem to mend, and he was reported to be starving at Baltimore some few years ago when subscriptions were raised for his relief. Apparently the tide turned at last, for in the early autumn of 1892 a grand banquet was given in honour of the anniversary of the veteran's birthday at Portland, in the State of Maine, when the grand old composer sang his own glorious song, he being then eighty-four years of age.

Here again is the story of this famous song told in Crouch's own words: "The words instantly attracted my attention by their purity of style and diction. I sought the authoress, and obtained her permission to set them to music. Leaving London as traveller to Chapman and Co., Cornhill, while prosecuting my journey towards Saltash I jotted down the melody on the historic banks of the Tamar. On arriving at Plymouth, I wrote out a fair copy of the song, and sang it to Mrs. Rowe, the wife of a music publisher of that town. The melody so captivated her and others who heard it that I was earnestly solicited that it should be given the first time in public at her husband's opening concert of the season. But certain reasons obliged me to decline the honour. I retired to rest at my hotel, and rising early next morning, and opening my window, what was my surprise to see on a hoarding right opposite a large placard on which was printed in the largest and boldest type: 'F. Nicholls Crouch, from London, will sing at P. E. Rowe's concert, "Kathleen Mavourneen," for one night only!' Amazed and confused at such an unwarrantable and unauthorized announcement, I hurriedly completed my toilet, took my breakfast, and rushed off to Mr. Rowe's warehouse. But, despite my

reluctance, and overcome by the entreaties of the fascinating Mrs. Rowe, I appeared and sang the song to a crowded audience, with the most enthusiastic applause. On returning to London I entered the establishment of Messrs. D'Almaine, music publishers, as precentor, and 'Kathleen Mavourneen' and other songs—'Dermot Astore,' 'Their Marriage,' 'Death of Dermot'—were published by that firm. These songs have been sung and appropriated by all the leading cantatrices, from Caradori, Hobbs, Hawes, Hayes, Stephens (the Countess of Essex), Malibran, Titiens, and Adelina Patti. The series of songs has been published by thirty different music stores in America, each one making heaps of money. But not one of these brain-stealers has had sufficient principle to bestow a single dime on the composer!" It is fitting that the words of "Kathleen Mavourneen" should appear here:

"Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking—
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still?
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must part?
It may be for years and it may be for ever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

"Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on thy numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of the night!
Mavourneen! Mavourneen! my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part:
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?"

A very graceful imitation, or rather tribute, to the excellence of the song has appeared from the pen of J. Whitcomb Riley, an American poet of much delicacy of feeling and expression and is well worth preserving:

"Kathleen Mavourneen! thy song is still ringing,
As fresh and as clear as the trill of the birds;
In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and singing,
In pathos too sweet for tenderest words.
Oh! have we forgotten the one who first breathed it?
Oh! have we forgotten his rapturous art?
Our meed to the Master whose genius bequeathed it?
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of the heart?

"Kathleen Mavourneen! thy lover still lingers,
The long night is waning, the stars pale and few;
Thy sad serenader, with tremulous fingers,
Is bowed with his tears as the lily with dew.
The old harp-strings quaver, the old voice is shaking,
In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning refrain:
The old vision dims, and the old heart is breaking—
Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again!"

A domestic drama entitled "Kathleen Mavourneen, or St. Patrick's Eve" was produced in New York in 1865, and seems to have been very successful, and has been played in London and through the provinces. "Kathleen Mavourneen" is introduced into the piece, also "Wilt thou be my bride, Kathleen?" and "Kathleen, are you goin' to lave me?"

Professor Frederick Nicholls Crouch, F.R.S., died at Portland, U. S., on August 18th, 1896, aged eighty-nine, having been born in 1808. He married four times, and though partially blind, he worked till the last moment almost of his life. A sympathetic account of his career appeared in "The Era" newspaper, which is worth quoting.

Although he was not without honour in the land of his adoption, which has conferred upon him the distinctions of Doctor of Music, Master of Arts, and Bardic President for the State of Maryland, the old composer occasionally regretted the "false step" he made in leaving his motherland in 1849, and in one of his last letters to his nephew wrote:—"When I made the false step of leaving England for America I literally buried myself, and have been lost to the world ever since. England gave me a reputation and a name; America cremated me."

Later he wrote more cheerfully: "The old Bard is prepared for his final journey. At peace with himself, his God, and the world. My last Christmas was the fulfilment of rejoicing. Although a failing man I had plenty of respect and abundance of cheer. Three of my children were absent—professionally engaged in other States. My two eldest girls are on the stage. My wife has wholly recovered. I have no debts, and not a single obligation to meet. In honour of the Irish nation I have composed an anthem. The weather here is clear and bracing, but 20 degrees below zero, nipping cold for a patriarch verging ninety. God bless you and yours. May we meet in the unknown sphere." The anthem mentioned in this letter, the words of which are by Mrs. M. A. Ford, known in the American literary world as "Una," is entitled "Green and Gold."

In another letter Crouch said: "I went to hear my 'Green and Gold' played by a military orchestra yesterday. I am to conduct it on Monday night, and also to sing, at eighty-nine, 'Kathleen Mavourneen' in public. Proof positive this that your uncle lives. How I shall acquit myself the result will show. In mental spirits I am as bright as ever, but physically I am worn out. My two daughters appear in the

same performance for the whole week." After alluding to his restoration to health from a recent illness, he added: "It has left me a wreck, but not a dead man. Pugnaciously would I contest that statement with the newspaper reporters. [A reference to many premature obituary notices.] I have been writing day and night for a Miss Harper, who is preparing a book on the 'Song-writers of the Century,' in which I appear conspicuously. When published will remit a copy endorsed with our autographs. Through all my sickness I have always adhered to my practice of daily writing or perfecting a specific article: music, prose, or poetry. The amount of my accumulated MSS. is enormous. When the Old Bard really dies he will write his own obituary. So rest content. I am alive and kicking. Life exists in the old dog yet." The Old Bard's last poetic contribution to the poets' corner of the "Maryland Journal" was called "Lament of the Last Bard," and was in the nature of a valedictory address. A specimen of his muse in his eighty-ninth year is the following—the last verse of this poem:

"His harp, silent hanging, shrined by the willows,
His lyrical strains in affection addressed,
By night winds are wafted over the billows,
As sorrowing tears bedew the moon's crest,

On his laurels he'll sleep, where Carolan slumbers,
His melodies ringing through ages unborn ;
Out the soul of a bard are measured his numbers,
And sung they will be when his spirit has gone."

The eldest son of Frederick William Crouch, violoncello player, composer and music tutor to William IV., the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen" was born at Devizes, Wiltshire. On the paternal side he inherited his musical talent. As in acting, so in music heredity plays an important part. When nine years old he played bass at the Royal Coburg Theatre, erected in honour of the marriage of Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV. He gradually won his way to His Majesty's Theatre, and once played a violoncello solo before Rossini. Bochsi, then at the height of his fame, and conductor of the opera, made Crouch his pupil. When the latter reached the age of twenty his tutor, impressed with his unusual vocal ability, transferred him to William Hawes, master of Westminster Abbey, of St. Paul's Cathedral, and of the Chapel Royal boys. When in 1822 the Royal Academy of Music, Hanover Square, was established, young Crouch became a student there, together with Sterndale Bennett and George Macfarren. At the death

of George IV. he and the other senior students were commanded to attend the coronation of William IV. and Adelaide, and after this event Crouch was appointed gentleman of her Majesty Queen Adelaide's band. He now became principal violoncellist at Drury Lane Theatre, under the management of Stephen Price, of American fame, and here he wrote his first ballad, "Zephyrs of Love," for Miss Anna Tree, and "The Swiss Song of Meeting" for Madame Malibran. At this time he met John Howard Payne, the American actor and dramatist, whose memory is cherished for his authorship of "Home, Sweet Home." It was while visiting fair Devonshire that he received from Mrs. Crawford the poem of "Kathleen Mavourneen," which appeared anonymously in the "Metropolitan Magazine," for which she wrote. He then composed his exquisite music, a worthy setting to pathetic and graceful verse, his melody at once raising him to fame. Alas! "Kathleen Mavourneen," which should have brought its composer fortune as well as fame, was sold to a London music publisher for £10. Crouch's other work which still lives and is perennially popular, includes "O'Donnell's Farewell," "The Emigrant's Lament," "Sing to Me, Nora," "The Exile of Erin," "Sheila,

My Darling Colleen," and "Dermot Astore." He also composed several operas.

When William IV. died, Crouch was commanded to attend the coronation of Queen Victoria. Subsequently he became musical editor for the firm of D'Almaine and Company, Soho Square, who contracted for all his songs for the ensuing seven years. Next he was offered and accepted the post of musical reviewer on the "Metropolitan Magazine," edited by Captain Marryat, R.N., the immortal teller of sea stories. In his new capacity Crouch came to know intimately most of the literary celebrities of the period, and in a letter to his nephew at Liverpool he said, regarding a copy of Dickens's "Chimes," which had not reached him, "The 'Chimes' not arrived, though much desired for old association's sake with my fellow scribe Charles Dickens. We wrote together with Mrs. Abdy, Mrs. Crawford, Countess Blessington, Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Marryat, Poole, and others in the pages of the 'Metropolitan Magazine,' published by Chapman and Hall, who were publishing Dickens's 'Sketches by Boz.'"

In 1849 Crouch left England for America, and he never returned. He was first associated with Max Maretzek in New York. Afterwards

he sang in church choirs, taught, and lectured, until the great rush for the gold of California bore him with the human tide westward. Reverses overtook him, however; his wife fell ill, and he had to stop far short of California. His money dwindled away—he had previously converted his property into gold and sent his library and manuscripts to Baltimore. Through the influence of friends he was appointed choirmaster of a church at Washington, and became a teacher in the first circles in the city. He migrated to Richmond, Virginia, where he was doing well when the American Civil War broke out. Without hesitation Crouch joined the Confederate forces, sacrificing a salary of 4,000 dollars per annum for the private soldier's twelve dollars per month, which twelve dollars, he drily says, "he never got." He enlisted in the first Regiment Richmond Greys, quartered at Norfolk. From the day on which he entered the army until the surrender of General Lee, at Appomattox Courthouse, Crouch was always at his post; never sick nor absent, and even unflinching in his refusal to accept the furlough that was offered him. From the last battlefield he made his way, with three broken ribs and his right hand badly smashed, to Buckingham Courthouse. Here he entered into service as a

gardener and farm hand—an occupation he followed until the hostilities of the terrible civil struggle died down. Then he went to Richmond, and ultimately to Baltimore, where, at the age of seventy-five, he found his home, books, and manuscripts, reduced to ashes. About fifteen years ago the people of Baltimore interested themselves in the cause of their poet-citizen, and he was established once more as a teacher of music in that city, in which he resided until he died.

In all the wide range of Crouch's varied career, perhaps the most remarkable—certainly the most touching—of his experiences was reserved for his later years. It seems that a boy named James Marion Roche, born at New Ross, Kilkenny, grew up with the music of "Kathleen Mavourneen" ever on his lips. His love for the song was unspeakable, and, although of a roving disposition, he remained true to that of music. He went to America, joined the navy, and fought, all unconsciously, against the author of his favourite song. In 1883 he visited Baltimore, and learned accidentally that Frederick Nicholls Crouch resided there, finding it a hard task to make both ends meet. Roche's love of "Kathleen Mavourneen" was as great as ever, and his one desire was to aid its composer,

To attain this end he, with rare delicacy and tact, persuaded the old gentleman to adopt him as a son. As James Roche Crouch he lived in Florida, and nobly did what he could to make life a little easier for his "father."

Another very favourite song composed by Crouch, of a more frolicsome turn, was "Katty, Avourneen," written by the late Desmond Ryan:

"'Twas a cowld winter night, and the tempest was snarlin',
The snow, like a sheet, cover'd cabin and stye,
When Barney flew over the hills to his darlin',
And tapp'd at the window where Katty did lie.
'Arrah, jewel,' says he, 'are you slaipin' or wakin'?
It's a bitther cowld night, and my coat it is thin;
The storm it is brewin', and the frost it is bakin',
Oh, Katty, avourneen, you must let me in.'

"'Ah, then, Barney,' says Kate, and she spoke through the window,
'How could you be takin' us out of our beds?
To come at this time, it's a shame and a sin, too,
It's whiskey, not love, has got into your head.
If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd be tender,
Consider the time, and there's nobody in.
What has a poor girl but her name to defend her?
No, Barney, avourneen, I won't let you in.'

"'A cushla,' says he, 'it's my heart is a fountain,
That weeps for the wrong I might lay at your door;
Your name is more white than the snow on the mountain,
And Barney would die to preserve it as pure.
I'll go to my home, tho' the winter winds face me,
I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within;
And the words of my Katty will comfort and bless me:
"No, Barney, avourneen, I won't let you in."'"

CHAPTER XI

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER," "THE BELLS OF SHANDON," AND "THE EXILE OF ERIN"

THAT curiously-compounded, old-fashioned opera, "Martha," owes its continuous popularity, as is tolerably well known, to the introduction therein of the ancient Irish melody known to the world generally as "The Last Rose of Summer." Now, at first sight it may appear rather incongruous to assign the song in the opera to a lady who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Queen Anne; but, as a matter of history, this incident is not quite so outrageous as critics, with a scant knowledge of Irish music apparently, would have us believe. Count Frederick von Flotow's opera, "Martha," founded on a ballet, was first performed at Vienna, in 1847. It was given at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, later with Mme. Christine Nilsson as the heroine, with so much success, that it ran for three hundred nights—a most unusual run for a piece of any kind half a century ago. It was brought to London in 1858, and achieved

a phenomenal reception, though many authorities condemned it as mere tinsel. Berlioz, the French composer, who detested Flotow, said "the beauty of the Irish melody served to disinfect the rottenness of the 'Martha' music," which was spiteful, silly, and weak. But this brings us to the original of the introduced number. Thomas Moore, than whom there has never been a more un-Irish Irish writer, evidently came upon the melody to which he wrote the words commencing, "'Tis the last Rose of Summer," in a third-hand manner, for he ingenuously calls it "The Groves of Blarney," which was quite a modern production, as far as title and words are concerned, written by Richard Alfred Milliken, who was born at Castle Martyr, Co. Cork, only twenty-three years before Thomas Moore saw the light in Dublin, which does not say much for that deep acquaintance with ancient music which Moore always professed. Now, the "Groves of Blarney" was avowedly a burlesque on "Castle Hyde," the fulsome and trashy production of a "literary" weaver named Barrett, in 1790. Barrett, who was what we should term a crank in these days, filled up his spare time as an itinerant bard, and with the view of being paid for his trouble, composed a song in praise (as he doubtless intended it) of

Castle Hyde, the beautiful seat of the Hyde family, on the river Blackwater; but, as the writer of the memoir of Milliken says, "instead of the expected remuneration, the poor poet was driven from the gate, by order of the then proprietor, who, from the absurdity of the thing, conceived that it could be only meant as a mockery; and, in fact, a more nonsensical composition could scarcely escape the pen of a maniac. The author, however, well satisfied of its merits, and stung with indignation and disappointment, vented his rage in an additional verse against the owner, and sung it wherever he had an opportunity of raising his angry voice. As satire, however gross, is but too generally well received, the song first became a favourite with the lower orders; then found its way into ballads, and at length into the convivial meetings of gentlemen." It was through hearing "Castle Hyde" at one of these social gatherings that Milliken determined to make a genuine farcical song on the lines of the original, so choosing Blarney, a fine old castle within three miles of Cork, for his subject, and retaining the rhythm and adopting the tune of Barrett's effusion—the tune which Barrett himself took possession of, it being a street melody and public property—and turned out a ludicrous parody of the ridicu-

lous songs that were once so prevalent in every Irish village, when every stripling would be a bardeen, and sing his foolish rhymes to a foolish audience. Rhyme in Ireland has too often been more effective than reason, and this weakness of the peasantry, of composing verses of an extravagant and comically high faluting order, engaged the pens of the satirists for hundreds of years. Stanihurst, in 1583, published an imitation of the Anglo-Irish style attached to his translation of "The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneis," which he called "An Epitaph, entitled Commune Defunctorum, such as our unlearned Rithmours accustomably make upon the death of every Tom Tyler, as if it were a last for every one his foote, in which the quantities of sillables are not to be heeded." The burlesque is full of points. Milliken never dreamed that his chaffing ballad would attain such distinction and celebrity, and though it went out anonymously to the rest of the world, in Co. Cork its origin and authorship were well known. It reached London in due course, and was called in one of the weekly prints, "The National Irish Poem." Lockhart, in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," attributed it to "the poetical Dean of Cork." It was so famous in London that everybody was singing and quoting

it, and Lord Brougham refers to it in one of his great Parliamentary speeches. Milliken, in all probability, wrote "The Groves of Blarney" in 1796. Thomas Moore must have heard the melody when he was at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree in 1798, and almost immediately after left for England, where he eventually settled. He may never have known that Milliken was the author of the "Groves of Blarney," though Richard Jones, an accomplished Metropolitan comedian, records that he obtained copies of the song in Cork, in the summer of 1800, and that he and Mathews, the great actor and mimic, carried it back to London, where they sang it at concerts, and in their entertainments. The first instalment of the "Irish Melodies," with Moore's very un-Irish words, was issued in 1813, and the rest at varying intervals. Milliken died, by the way, in 1815. It has been computed that Moore received for the "Melodies" remuneration averaging one hundred and twenty-one pounds per song, or six pounds per line. Very comforting remuneration, too!

But to return to "The Last Rose of Summer." Wherever Moore obtained the melody it is certain he could not have known it in its original form as played by the travelling bards

and harpers of Ireland, for he has considerably altered the character of the music, and has not in any way improved upon even the "Groves of Blarney" version as a *national* melody. Although the composer and author are unknown, the title of the tune may be ascribed to about 1660, so that from a musical point of view Flotow was well within the calendar in using it for his "Martha," as the basis of the well-known air existed long prior to the reign of Queen Anne.

Lovers of Ireland and its national songs and music have always regretted that Thomas Moore, in undertaking to rescue the Irish melodies, did not preserve the spirit and nature of the country whence they sprang in the lyrics that he fitted and dovetailed to them. For the chief characteristic of Moore's Irish melodies, that is to say the lyrics, is their lack of Irish characteristics. To be candid, though here and there an Irish town, or vale, or waterfall, or lake is mentioned, all the Irish songs are absolutely English in form, metre and sentiment. Erin comes in nowhere; and Hibernia is only scantily and half shamefully referred to as a sort of apology for the music which is so essentially Irish. Again, the words are not always wedded to the music, they are only joined to it,

fitted and fixed to it—the music plays the second part and not the first. Though Thomas Moore, "who dearly loved a lord," as his friend Lord Byron said, was a poet of Ireland, he was in nowise an Irish poet in sentiment, sympathy or sensibility. Still we are not ungrateful to him for his labour in saving to us these classic pieces. Moore's other "Melodies" are fully dealt with in a later chapter.

"Shandon Bells," once a great favourite, was written by Francis Mahoney, who chose as his *nom de plume* "Father Prout," by which name he is mostly known. The "Bells" in question refer to Shandon, where,

> "The spreading Lee that, like an island fair,
> Encloseth Cork with his divided flood."

The history of the Bells and the origin of the song are of more than passing interest. Crofton Croker, in his "Popular Songs of Ireland," tells us that the steeple of the church of St. Anne, or Upper Shandon, in which hung the bells celebrated in the song, is one hundred and twenty feet high, and being built upon a considerable eminence, appears a remarkable object in every point of view of the city; but especially from what Moore has termed "its noble sea avenue,"

the river Lee. The building of the church commenced in 1722, and its steeple was constructed of the hewn stone from the Franciscan Abbey, where James II. heard mass, and from the ruins of Lord Barry's castle, which had been the official residence of the lords president of Munster and whence this quarter of the city takes its name—Shandon signifying in Irish the old fort or castle. But as the demolished abbey had been built of limestone, and the castle of redstone, the taste of the architect of Shandon steeple led him to combine the discordant materials, which ecclesiastic and civic revolution had placed at his disposal, by constructing three sides of his work white, and the remaining side of red stone; a circumstance which has occasioned many local jokes and observations, the most memorable of which is embodied in some rhymes commencing:

> "Party-coloured, like the people,
> Red and white stands Shandon steeple,"

said to have been addressed to Dr. Woodward, Bishop of Cloyne, by the famous Father O'Leary.

Fitz-Gerald in his "Cork Remembrancer" says that Shandon bells were put up during the summer of 1752.

The Reverend Francis Sylvester Mahoney, the author of "Shandon Bells," was born in Cork, 1805, and died in a monastery in Paris (to which he had retired two years previously) in May, 1866. He took Holy Orders after studying in a Jesuit College at Paris; but eventually he became a *littérateur* and journalist. He was a constant contributor to "Fraser's Magazine," "Bentley's Miscellany," the "Athenæum" and other papers. He later became correspondent at Rome for the "Daily News," and still later acted as Paris correspondent for the "Globe." Under his adopted name of Father Prout he achieved much celebrity by writing prose and Irish verse in "Fraser's Magazine." These writings have been collected and republished and have become classics. He was not of a very clerical nature—that is as far as his priestly calling goes—but was greatly loved and respected by all who knew him. He was Bohemian to the backbone, and as full of fun as an Irish Leprachaun—careless in his dress but careful of his witty company. He wrote his celebrated verses when he was a student at an Irish college in Rome. It is said that the opening lines are still to be seen in a room there, scratched on a wall just above where his bed used to be. He was doubtless a

little homesick at the time, and listening maybe to the tolling of the many church bells in the Eternal City. I give two verses only as the poem is so well known:

"With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

* * *

"I've heard bells chiming,
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine;
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine."

In after years, in discussing the subject of the melody of bells, he says: "But there is nothing, after all, like the associations which early infancy attaches to the well-known and long remembered chimes of our own parish steeple: and no music can equal the effect upon our ear when returning after long absence in foreign and perhaps happier countries." There are no

bells actually at Shandon now, though there were in Prout's time, of course. The song has been set several times, but the only two of value are, first, the setting by J. L. Hatton, and second, by Mrs. H. Morgan. John Liphot Hatton, whose setting is generally considered the best, was born in 1809 and died in 1877. He composed music for a vast quantity of pieces, songs, operettas, dramas, and so on, and was the musical director at the Princess's Theatre under Charles Kean, and composed the music for the Shakespearean productions. "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye" is his most enduring work.

A very touching Irish song, "The Exile of Erin," was written by a Scotchman—Thomas Campbell the poet, to wit—although it has often been attributed to the Irish verse-writer, George Nugent Reynolds, though there is no evidence to show that Reynolds ever claimed it himself. Unfortunately after his death his friends caused a great bother about it, saying that it was written by him as a second part of his lyric commencing:

"Green were the fields where my forefathers dwelt O,
Erin, ma voureen! slan leat go bragh!
Though our farm was small yet comforts we felt O,
Erin, ma voureen! slan leat go bragh!

At length came the day when our lease did expire,
And fain would I live where before lived my sire;
But, ah! well-a-day, I was forced to retire,
Erin, ma voureen! slan leat go bragh!"

Compare this sorry stuff with Campbell's touching poem, addressed to Anthony McCann, exiled for being implicated in the Irish rebellion of 1798. Campbell met him when staying in Hamburg:

"There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robes was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eyes' sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh!"

All the same, it would not be fair to say that Reynolds did not write the "Exile of Erin" because he could not, because as a matter of fact he wrote many very tolerable though not super-excellent lyrics.

At one time, after the death of Reynolds, and while Campbell was still living, his friend Hercules Ellis took up the cudgels, and did his utmost to prove that the Scotch poet had plagiarized, or rather stolen, the Irishman's work. Ellis himself was a voluminous rhymer

of very little pretension and of a very quarrelsome nature. Letters were written to the "Times" from both sides, and in one of his articles he says: "Our friend desires us to say that, in the event of Mr. Campbell's contradicting this statement, he will produce several living witnesses to prove that Mr. Reynolds had shown to and sung for them as his own composition the identical lines several years prior to his death, and prior to Mr. Campbell's publication of them." In answer to this Campbell stated in the "Times" of June 17th, 1830, that he composed the song, "The Exile of Erin," at Altona, and sent it off immediately from that place to London, where it was published in the "Morning Chronicle," and so on. It is not my intention to open up this matter, as it has long since been known that Campbell was the author, and no one else. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's words, however, prefixed to Reynolds's "Mary Le More," in the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland" (1845), are worth giving: "Mr. Reynolds was a Leitrim gentleman of moderate property, earnest patriotism, and respectable ability. Between the era of Independence and the Union he wrote several rough, strong, popular songs in the national interest, one or two of which still hold their ground in the collections. Lat-

terly a claim has been made on his behalf to the 'Exile of Erin,' so strongly sustained by sworn evidence, that nothing but the character of Campbell could resist it. It is, however, weakened by the fact that none of his acknowledged writings are in the same style, or of the same ability." Which may end the matter once and for all. Campbell, by the way, wrote other Irish poems of considerable native feeling, "O'Connor's Child," and "The Irish Harper and his Dog Tray," for he always had a surprising affection for the Irish, and a sympathy with the sentiment of her songs. It should not be forgotten, by the way, that Thomas Campbell was the author of what is perhaps the finest sea song ever written, to wit, "Ye Mariners of England." The "Exile of Erin" is frequently called in music and song-books "Erin-go-Bragh," which is quite a different song. It was usually sung to "Savourneen Deelish."

George Nugent Reynolds, by the way, wrote a smart operetta called "Bantry Bay," which was performed at Covent Garden, with music by W. Reeve, in 1797. Reynolds died at Stowe, the seat of his relative, the Marquis of Buckingham, in 1802.

There is an ancient Irish melody which is not

often met with now, though Robert Burns wrote a stanza for the same in 1787, and two more stanzas in 1796, and called it, "O Whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad," which has not a very Scottish ring. The air is unmistakably Irish in method and construction, and Bunting gives it as an example of a very early style, with the defective fourth and seventh. A claim was put in for one Bruce, a performer on the violin, but John Maine, the author of "Logan Water" and the "Siller Gun," declared that although Bruce was a good performer, he had never been known to compose anything. It was made startlingly popular in London, and then throughout England, by O'Keefe, who introduced it into his musical farce, "The Poor Soldier," at Covent Garden, in 1782, with other Irish melodies. The original Irish was a comic song, "Go de sin den te sin," "What is that to him?" In the opera the melody was sung by the character Kathlane, to words beginning, "Since love is the plan." Indeed O'Keefe, who wrote such standard lyrics as "I am a Friar of Orders Grey," "The Ploughboy," "The Wolf," "The Thorn," and others, was in the habit of converting the songs of his own country to practical uses in his operas and plays, of which he is said to have written about two hundred.

CHAPTER XII

CONCERNING SOME FAVOURITE SONGS

"BLONDEL," "ANNABEL LEE," "MY PRETTY JANE," "THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL," "SALLY IN OUR ALLEY," "THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND," "HEARTS OF OAK," AND "RULE BRITANNIA"

"GIVE," said Queen Elizabeth to Lord Burleigh, while Spenser knelt, poems in hand, "Give the youth one hundred pounds." "What," exclaimed Burleigh, "all this for a song?" "Then give him what 's reason," said the queen, thus leaving him in the hands of Burleigh, who ended by making the bard indeed poet-laureate, but never bestowed the promised guerdon. Spenser's patience wearing out, he wrote these lines to the queen, which had the desired effect:

> "I was promised on a time,
> To have Reason for my Rhyme;
> From that time until this season
> I've got neither Rhyme nor Reason."

But it has been the way of the world to keep the song and forget the singer, yet the greatest

and wisest men of all ages have chosen song as the best means of reaching the heart of the people. For song was the earliest indication of the evolution of man from barbarism into civilization. Naturally, a large number of our popular songs have arisen from some personal experience or memory of the writer, and if so many bards have written in a melancholy key, it should be recollected that, as Goethe happily says, "The hope of bringing back old happy days burns up again in us as if it could never be extinguished." For most poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song." Remember what Heine said of himself: "Aus meinen grossen Schmezen, mach' ich die Klienen Lieder." If the worldly reward to our song writers is but small, they enjoy such compensations in their talents that none outside the charmed circle could ever understand. Troubadour and minstrel days are dead.

One of the earliest songs with a history is the piece sung by Blondel to his master, King Richard I., when his majesty was in prison. In 1190 Richard of the Lion Heart joined the Crusade with Philip Augustus of France, but, a division taking place between the two princes, the latter returned to Europe. Richard remained in the East, where he displayed uncommon

vigour against Saladin, whom he defeated near Cæsarea, and, having made a truce, he embarked in a vessel which was wrecked on the coast of Italy. He then travelled in disguise through part of Germany, but being discovered by Leopold, Duke of Austria, he was made prisoner and sent to the Emperor Henry II., who had him confined in a castle, until discovered by his favourite minstrel as related below. I give the original diction:—

"The Englishmen were more than a whole yeare without hearing any tydings of their king, or in what place he was kept prisoner. He had trained up in his service a Rimer or Minstrill called Blondel de Nesle, who (so saith the manuscript of Old Poesies, and one Auncient Manuscript French Chronicle), being so long without the sight of his lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded with melancholy. Knowne it was that he came backe from the Holy Land but none could tell in what country he arrived. Whereupon this Blondel resolving to make search for him in many countries but he would hear some newes of him. After experience of divers dayes in travaille, he came to a towne (by good hap) neere to the Castell where his maister King Richard was kept. Of his host he demanded

to whom the Castell appertained and the host told him it belonged to the Duke of Austria. Then he enquired whether there were any prisoners therein detained or no, for always he made such scant questionings wheresoever he came. And the hoste gave answer, there was only one prisoner, but he knew not what he was, and yet he had been detained there more than the space of a yeare. When Blondel heard this he wrought such meanes that he became acquainted with them of the castell, as minstrills doe easily win acquaintance anywhere. But see the King he could not, neither understand that it was he. One day he sat directly before a window of the castell where King Richard was kept prisoner, and began to sing a song in French which King Richard and Blondel had some time composed together. When King Richard heard the song, he knew it was Blondel that sung it; and when Bondel paused at halfe of the song, the King began the other halfe and completed it. Thus Blondel won knowledge of the king his maister and returning home into England made the barons of the countrie acquainted where the king was."

This happened about the year 1193. I append a translation of the old Provençal lines

sung by the Troubadour Blondel and Richard Cœur de Lion:

"BLONDEL.

"Your beauty, lady fair,
None view without delight,
But still so cold an air
No passion can excite;
Yet this I patient see
While all are shunned like me.

"RICHARD.

"No nymph my heart can wound
If favour she divide,
And smiles on all around,
Unwilling to decide;
I'd rather hatred bear
Than love with others share."

There are many memorable records of the bravery and gallantry of troubadours and minstrels, especially the English and French, to be found in our histories. The story of "Richard Cœur de Lion" has been dramatized as a romance, with ballads and songs. The original was by M. Sedaine, and produced in operatic form at the Comedie Italienne in 1786. It was adapted to the English stage first by Leonard McNally (Covent Garden, October 16th, 1786), the second by General Burgoyne (Drury Lane, October 24th, 1786).

Chronology and order can scarcely be followed with any degree of success in a popular

work of this kind, so I shall proceed with the different histories as they come convenient to hand. The supremely touching words of "Annabel Lee" were wrested from the torn heart of the melancholy, morbid Edgar Allan Poe, by the early death of the girl who so swiftly captured and tamed, for a time, the wild spirit of the misguided and misjudged poet. "Annabel Lee" was the poetic name bestowed by Poe on his cousin, Virginia Clemm, who became his wife in 1836. She was a beautiful girl, for whom he possessed and always cherished the sweetest and tenderest feelings. He strained every nerve to provide a home for her and for her mother, who continued with him and Virginia, and to care for them and to assist them all through the few years of their married life, and who, even after the death of the idolized wife and daughter—she died in 1847—acted the part of a mother in the noblest sense of the word to the bereaved poet. If Virginia had lived, there is no doubt that Poe would have been a far different man; as it was, the greater portion of his life was a mistake, intensified by a highly nervous temperament and weak impulses; but his name will never die, for "Annabel Lee," one of the least of his poems, is alone sufficient to secure the applause of all posterity. The poem

is too well-known to require quoting here; one verse, however, will not be out of place:

> "But our love it was stronger by far than the love
> Of those who were older than we—
> Of many far wiser than we—
> And neither the Angels in Heaven above,
> Nor the demons down under the sea,
> Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
> Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

Many composers have set the words to music.

I have seen the statement somewhere that "My Pretty Jane" has proved the most profitable song ever issued; and yet it was almost by accident that it was given to the world at all. Edward Fitz-Ball, the author of the lyric, and of something like a hundred plays, when a youth, lived at Burwell, an old-fashioned village about three miles from Newmarket, on the road to Cambridge. It was his custom to pass along one of the numerous lanes round the village, in the early morning, for the purpose of looking after his father's property. In his route there happened to be in this particular lane the house of a farmer, who had a pretty daughter called Jane. And often, as young Fitz-Ball wended his merry way, this girl would peep round the corner of the blind of her window, showing only her eyes, forehead, nose, hair and ears,

and with charming simplicity nod to him as he passed along. One day in the bright summer time, when "the bloom is on the rye," the future librettist sat down on a convenient stile, and wrote in less than ten minutes the words of the excellent song, "My Pretty Jane." When he left his native place for London, and obtained an engagement to write songs for the management of Vauxhall Gardens, he discovered "My Pretty Jane" amongst his other almost forgotten MSS., and gave it to Sir Henry Bishop to set. Sir Henry Bishop, however, was not always satisfied with his own compositions, and discarded the song after he had composed the music. When applied to for a new lyric, Fitz-Ball said, "If 'Pretty Jane' won't do, I shall write no other." So they proceeded to Sir Henry Bishop's house, but found that gentleman out. Poking about his room Fitz-Ball lighted upon the song, which had been thrown in the waste-paper basket. The manager accepted it on the author's responsibility, and that night it was sung by George Robinson, the great tenor of the day, and at once created an enormous success. Then it was sung by Alexander Lee, and now for over thirty years it has, of course, been associated with the name of Sims Reeves. The original "Pretty Jane" is believed to have

died of consumption; her portrait, painted by Fitz-Ball, is now in the possession of the dramatist's daughter.

In the original version of "My Pretty Jane," as printed in "Thirty-five Years of a Dramatic Author's Life," and as it is sung to this day, the second verse begins:

"Oh, name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring;
The Bridal Maids in garlands gay,
And village bells shall ring."

The false rhyme in the second and fourth lines being pointed out to him by George Linley, Fitz-Ball altered the same when he republished the lyric in his work, "The House to Let: With other Poems," in 1857, as under:

"But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring;
The bells shall peal love's roundelay,
And village maids shall sing."

Edward Fitz-Ball was a curious man, but a most indefatigable worker. He died October 27th, 1873, aged eighty years.

Besides "My Pretty Jane," which was originally published as "When the Bloom is on the Rye," with a portrait of George Robinson on the cover, Fitz-Ball wrote at least three

From the painting by W. Magrath

"OH, NAME THE DAY, THE WEDDING DAY"

notable songs, "When I beheld the Anchor Weighed," "There is a Flower that Bloometh," and "Let me like a Soldier Fall." Generally speaking, Fitz-Ball's words were very mediocre, though in his day it was actually said of one of his efforts, "Bhanavar," that it was equal to, if it did "not surpass Tennyson's and Longfellow's best work, and was second only to 'Childe Harold.'"

Numberless tales have been recited respecting the origin of that delightful old song, "The Lass of Richmond Hill." One is to the effect that it was written by a young lady rejoicing in the name of Rosa Smith, who resided at Richmond, Surrey, and conceitedly termed herself the "Lass of Richmond Hill," but her claims are without grounds, notwithstanding that she wrote verses. Another story goes that it was written by Mr. Upton, who was the author of many Vauxhall pieces and many lyrics, amongst the latter being, "Remember, Love, Remember," and "The Garden Gate;" but there is no evidence in support of this statement whatever. The fact is, as stated by Sir Jonah Barrington, in his "Personal Sketches," that the song was written by Leonard McNally, a young Irish barrister. The Richmond referred to is unquestionably the place of that name in York-

shire, and the lass was Miss I'Anson or Janson (spelt both ways), and the "Hill" was the house her family occupied. McNally's grand-daughter and Janson's descendants all testify to his authorship. Miss I'Anson was the daughter of William I'Anson, of Hill House, Richmond, Yorks, and McNally wooed and married her on January 16th, 1787, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Mr. I'Anson was a solicitor, and therefore likely to meet with Leonard McNally, perhaps through his son, who was a barrister. McNally's daughter afterwards married a gentleman of the name of Simpson, at Richmond. Mr. I'Anson practised as a solicitor in Bedford Row, London. There can be no possible doubt about McNally's marriage with Miss I'Anson, nor of his being the author of the song, the music of which was written by James Hook, the father of Theodore Hook, though for a long time it was attributed to the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.). It was also said to have been a great favourite with George III. The "Lass of Richmond Hill" was written and composed some time before it was publicly given, which occurred in 1789, when Incledon sang it at Vauxhall Gardens. The words appear to have been first printed in the "Morning Herald," of August 1st, 1789, but it was circu-

lated privately by McNally among his friends long prior to this.

"A piece of negative evidence," says the editor of the "Poets of Ireland" "not hitherto mentioned in favour of McNally's authorship is, that in 'Myrtle and Vine,' a collection of songs edited by C. H. Wilson (where there are about a dozen songs by Upton, the reputed author of the 'Lass of Richmond Hill,' whom Wilson probably knew, for he seems to have got the songs from the author direct), the lyric about which there has been so much dispute is given anonymously. If Upton had written it his name would presumably have been put to it as to the others by him." It is a curious fact that the song does not appear in Upton's collected poems. It seems odd, truly, that I'Anson should have lived so far away as Richmond, in Yorkshire, but over and over again it has been proved that such was the case, as he had a town house as well. There is a public house called "The Lass of Richmond Hill," on Richmond Hill, in Surrey, due to a natural misconception by the original owner, and this has misled many people. McNally, who wrote a number of songs and operettas for Covent Garden and other theatres, was born in Dublin, in 1752, and died in the same city, February 13th, 1820.

That delightful old ballad, "Sally in our Alley," was written and composed, as everybody knows, by that erratic genius Henry Carey, whose grand-daughter was the mother of the great Edmund Kean. Carey was a most prolific verse-maker and composer, and is said to have been a natural son of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax. He was very popular both as dramatist and musician. Indeed, he was a most extraordinary worker, and was constantly producing new operas and operettas from his fertile brain. Besides a number of plays, too numerous to be given, he wrote that never-to-be-forgotten burlesque, "Chrononhotonthologos," which he happily described as "The most Tragical Tragedy that ever was Tragedized by any Company of Tragedians." It was produced with enormous success at the Haymarket Theatre, February 22nd, 1734. In 1713, Carey published a volume of his poems, and later his Songs, Cantatas, Catches, etc. But of all his compositions "Sally in our Alley," will be ever the most popular (many of his other pieces would well bear resuscitating), and will transmit his fame to all posterity. It is "one of the most striking and original melodies ever written." Carey's account of its origin is as follows: "A shoemaker's apprentice making a

holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet shows, the flying chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields, whence, proceeding to the Farthing Pie House, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beer and bottled ale, through all which scenes the author dodged them." Charmed with the simplicity of their courtship he drew from what he had witnessed this little sketch of nature. He adds, with pardonable pride, that Addison had more than once expressed his approbation of his production. "Strange to say, he was much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance for the performance, which nevertheless made its way into the polite world." It was utilized in the "Beggar's Opera" by Gay in 1728, and sung by Macheath in the "Medley," in scene 2, act iii. It was also introduced into several other plays and parodied and imitated right and left. Carey's music was superseded in 1760 by an older tune (about 1620) called, "What though I am a Country Lasse," which it curiously resembled, and to which it is now always given.

Carey, who was created Mus. Doc., died October 4th, 1743, though how old he was it is not easy to say. Some say he was eighty, others that he was under fifty. His posthumous

son, George Savile Carey, inherited much of his father's talents and also his characteristics. He was an actor and an entertainer, and appeared to succeed better in the latter line. He always claimed that his father wrote both words and music of "God Save the King." Chappell supports this, and says it was written for a birthday of George II. Dr. Finck is of the same opinion. It was G. S. Carey's daughter Anne who was the mother of Edmund Kean, the father was a Jew.

It is a wonderful coincidence, that to the year 1740 we are indebted for the first appearance in public of three of our most popular and most national songs, "God Save the King," "The Roast Beef of Old England," by Henry Fielding, and "Rule Britannia," by James Thomson; while just nineteen years later appeared the magnificent patriotic song, "Hearts of Oak," written by David Garrick, who had a pretty wit for turning a ballad, and composed by Dr. Boyce. "Hearts of Oak" was first sung by Mr. Champnes in public at Drury Lane Theatre, December, 1759, in a Christmas entertainment, entitled, "Harlequin's Invasion," prepared by Roscius himself. It was written under the inspiration of the year (1759) of Pitt's greatest triumphs, the year of Minden and Quiberon and

Quebec, the "wonderful year" of the lyric, a year in which the British arms were covered with glory by the Marquis of Granby, Lord Hawke, and General Wolfe:

> "Come cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
> To add something more to this wonderful year;
> To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
> For who are so free as the sons of the waves?"

It is a truly grand patriotic production.

"Roast Beef" was adapted to a tune composed by Richard Leveridge, about 1728, who also wrote part of the words at the time. The song, with Fielding's improved lyric, was published in Walsh's "British Miscellany," about 1740. The authorship of "Rule Britannia" has been disputed, some authorities at one time inclining to the belief that as David Mallet was concerned with Thomson in writing the masque "Alfred," in which the Ode was originally sung, he was the writer. I will first give a quotation from W. Chappell's "National English Airs:" "'Rule Britannia,' from the masque of 'Alfred,' composed by Dr. Arne. This masque was written by James Thomson and David Mallet, and was performed in the gardens of Cliefden House in commemoration of the accession of George I., and in honour of the birthday of the Princess

of Brunswick on August 1st, 1740. It was afterwards altered into an opera (by the same composer) and performed at Covent Garden in 1745; and, after the death of Thomson, which occurred in 1748, it was again entirely remodelled by Mallet, scarcely any part of the first being retained, and performed at Drury Lane, in 1751. The words of 'Rule Britannia' were, however, written by Thomson." It was already a celebrated song in 1745, for during the Jacobite Rebellion in the north, of that year, the Jacobites, with consummate impudence, took the lay, and altered the words to suit their own cause, and termed it their "National Song!" Handel makes use of the air in his "Occasional Oratorios," with slight variations, to words beginning,

"War shall cease,
Welcome peace!"

in 1746.

When Mallet altered the opera, or masque of "Alfred," it proved a fearful fiasco, and it was not till Thomson was dead that he claimed the ode as his own composition—a composition which Southey (including the music, of course,) said would be "the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power." Yet the song was actually published in Edinburgh

in the second edition of a well-known song book during Mallet's life-time with Thomson's initials, and apparently Mallet made no stir.

David Mallet earned much notoriety as a purloiner of other people's wares, and his imposture with regard to "Margaret's Ghost" is ancient history to students of old ballads and Percy's "Reliques." I will give an extract from a contribution by the talented author of "Popular Music of the Olden Time" to "Notes and Queries," November 20th, 1886. "I will now refer to 'Alfred.' It was performed a a second time at Cliefden House, with great success, and soon 'Rule Britannia' became a national song. In 1745 'Alfred' was altered into an opera by Dr. Arne, the principal vocal parts being taken by Mrs. Arne, Miss Young, Mrs. Sybilla, and Mr. Lowe, at Covent Garden (this was for the benefit of Mrs. Arne), and turned into a musical drama at Drury Lane, both in the same year. In 1748 James Thomson, the poet, died from fever, and that suggested to Mallet the idea of robbing his friend and fellow-countryman (they were both Scottish) of his share of the credit he had gained by the triple production of 'Alfred,' and especially by the ode; but Dr. Arne, who outlived Thomson and Mallet till 1788, stood always in Mallet's way.

It was his music to 'Rule Britannia' that had been one great cause of the success, and everybody knew that the ode had been written by Thomson, who gave the words to Arne to set to music, and many thousands of copies had been printed within the ten or eleven years that had elapsed. In the meantime Mallet had received a commission to write the life of the great Duke of Marlborough, for which he had received £1,000 from the Duchess, and an annuity from the Duke to expedite his labours. How he carried out his contract is thus told in the 'Biographia Dramatica,' 1812, and elsewhere.

"No. 143, 'Alfred,' a masque by David Mallet, acted at Drury Lane, 8vo, 1751. This is the play of Messrs. Thomson and Mallet, entirely new modelled by the latter; no part of the first being retained except a few lines. Though excellently performed, it was not very successful. The prologue was written by the Earl of Cork. It has been said that Mallet procured 'Alfred' to be performed at Drury Lane by insinuating to Garrick that in his intended life of the Duke of Marlborough he should, by an ingenious device, find a niche for the Roscius of the age. 'My dear friend,' said Garrick, 'have you left off writing for the stage?' The hint was taken, and 'Alfred' was

produced. Garrick himself afterwards tried to turn Mallet's failure as a masque into a tragedy, in 1773, to recover some of the money he had lost upon it, but he was not more successful than before. Mallet's 'Life of the Duke of Marlborough' was paid for but never written. Mallet employed Lord Bolingbroke to write three additional verses for 'Rule Britannia' to replace three of Thomson's (which he would never have done if they had been his own) but the public would not have the new verses, and insisted upon Thomson's which they knew." To add further proof to the fact that Thomson was the genuine author of "Rule Britannia," I may state that in all the public advertisements when Arne's opera was played, Thomson's name alone was announced as the author of the ode. The rest of David Mallet's shameful life will be found in any English biography. He enjoyed a considerable pension, which had been bestowed on him for his success in turning the public vengeance upon Admiral Byng by means of a letter of accusation under the character of "A Plain Man." That pension was Mallet's blood money. He had also a legacy of the copyright of Lord Bolingbroke's "Works," Bolingbroke having employed him to "blast the memory of Pope," "an office which he executed with all the

malignity that his employer could wish." Mallet had been a thorough parasite to Pope before, and Bolingbroke was the wretched hypocrite whom Pope, by leaving all his MSS. to him, had made the guardian of his character. No Scotchman would attend Mallet's funeral; but a monument was raised by public subscription to the memory of James Thomson in Westminster Abbey. Mallet's real name was Malloch, and he died in 1765, aged sixty.

CHAPTER XIII

HENRY RUSSELL'S SONGS AND OTHERS

"WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE," "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER," "A GOOD TIME COMING," "THE OLD ARM CHAIR," "A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE," "COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING," "REST, TROUBLED HEART," "THE GYPSY COUNTESS," AND "THE BEATING OF MY OWN HEART"

In October, 1895, Henry Russell, who is eighty-six years old, published his memoirs under the taking title of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," from which we gather the following particulars.

Evincing early a taste for music, and revealing as a child the possession of an excellent voice, Mr. Russell was taken, when eight years old, to Elliston, who engaged him for the "children's operas" he was giving at the Surrey Theatre. From the elder Kean, who heard him sing at Richmond, he received the assurance that "You will never become a great actor or a great singer unless you learn to speak

every word you utter distinctly and clearly. Unintelligibility and slovenliness in speech are the curse of the profession." By-and-by Mr. Russell went to Italy to study, and was so lucky as to obtain some gratis lessons in counterpoint, harmony, and orchestration from Bellini, the composer. He afterwards found employment as a pianist and chorus-master, and travelled a good deal in company with Balfe, who was then singing in opera. Returning to England he was for a time chorus-master at Her Majesty's under Lumley; then, his prospects appearing to be vague, if not cloudy, he decided to seek his fortunes in the New World. He went to Canada, opening at Toronto, where his first concert resulted in a pecuniary loss. At Rochester, N. Y., he was offered, and accepted, an organistship at £60 a year. At this place he happened to hear the famous Henry Clay deliver an oration, and the incident proved to be the turning-point of his life.

"If Henry Clay could create such an impression by his distinct enunciation of every word, should it not be possible for me to make music the vehicle for grand thoughts and noble sentiments, to speak to the world through the power of poetry and song? The idea gained upon me. I became more and more fascinated by the

thought, not only of trying my fortune as a vocalist, but also of composing my own songs. With me at that time to devise was to act. I commenced there and then to set to music Mackay's beautiful poem, 'Wind of the winter night, whence comest thou?' A few days later I had my musical rendering of Mackay's fine verses all ready, and I took the first opportunity of playing it over to some friends. They applauded it, and their praise was emphatic enough to be sincere. This success decided me. From that day song composing became the serious object of my life. "Oh, Woodman, spare that tree,' 'A Life on the Ocean Wave,' 'The Gambler's Wife,' and 'The Maniac,' were the songs which leapt quickest into popularity."

Though not often sung nowadays, most people are familiar with "Woodman, Spare that Tree." How it came to be written is explained in the following letter from the author of the lyric, General G. P. Morris, to his friend, the veteran singer, Henry Russell.

"Riding out of town a few days since in company with a friend who was once the expectant heir of the largest estate in America, but over whose worldly prospects a blight had recently come, he invited me to turn down a

little romantic woodland pass not far from Bloomingdale. 'Your object?' inquired I. 'Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather, near a cottage that was once my father's.' 'The place is yours, then,' said I. 'No, my poor mother sold it;' and I observed a slight quiver of the lip at the recollection. 'Dear mother,' resumed my companion, 'we passed many happy, happy days in that old cottage; but it is nothing to me now—father, mother, sisters, cottage, all are gone!' and a paleness overspread his countenance, and a moisture came to his eyes as he spoke. After a moment's pause, he added, 'Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is, but I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at the old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend. In the bygone summer-time it was a friend indeed. Under its branches I often listened to the good counsel of my parents, and had *such* gambols with my sisters! Its leaves are all off now, so you won't see it to advantage, for it is a glorious old fellow in summer; but I like it just as well in winter. There it is!'

"Near the tree stood an old man with his coat off, sharpening an axe. He was the occu-

pant of the cottage. 'What are you going to do?' asked my friend. 'What is that to you?' was the reply. 'You are not going to cut that tree down, surely?' 'Yes, but I am, though,' said the woodman. 'What for?' inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion. 'What for!—I like that! Well, I'll tell you what for. This tree makes my dwelling unhealthy; it stands too near the house; prevents the moisture from exhaling and renders us liable to fever and ague!' 'Have you any other reason for cutting it down?' 'Yes: I am getting old; the woods are a great way off, and this tree is of value to me to burn.' He was soon convinced that the story about the fever and the ague was a mere fiction, and then asked what the tree was worth as firewood. 'Why, when it is down, about ten dollars.' 'Suppose I should give you that sum, would you let it stand?' 'Yes.' 'You are sure of that?' 'Positive.' 'Then give me a bond to that effect.' I drew it up; it was witnessed by his daughter; the money was paid, and we left the place with an assurance from the young girl, who looked as smiling and beautiful as Hebe, that the tree should stand as long as she lived. We returned to the road and pursued our ride. The circumstances made a strong impression on my mind, and

furnished me with materials for the song I sent you."

I give the above as I took it from an American paper. The truth is that Henry Russell was the friend, and Morris himself the man who had lived in the old cottage and had played under the tree as a child.

General G. P. Morris, who was the writer of many other lyrics, died in America in 1865. Speaking of Henry Russell I am reminded that he, like most singers who have risen to eminence, had his early struggles. That veteran song writer who composed the music to and sang the once universally popular song "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," only received three pounds for the copyright. He asked the publisher once how the song sold, and was told that nineteen presses could not keep pace with the demand. Afterwards, the publishers sent him £10 to ease their consciences. How easy it must be to relieve some publishers' consciences! I was told some few years ago of a certain firm of publishers who secured the music and words of a song that was sung everywhere at the time, for which they gave in all £30, but which brought them in sufficient to buy them an establishment in the West End (they were in a very small way of business previously) and set

them up as leading publishers. The composer is still writing songs. It seems the fate of some writers to make everybody's fortune but their own.

Dr. Charles Mackay, who died on Christmas Eve, 1889, supplied Henry Russell with a vast number of lyrics, the majority of which will never die. "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "There's a Good Time Coming," "Baby Mine," and "England, Dear England," may be mentioned as some of his happiest efforts. Sir Henry Bishop set no less than a hundred and twenty songs from his pen, many of which were written specially for the "Illustrated London News," to which the doctor contributed all kinds of literary matter. For Dr. Mackay, besides being a lyric writer, was a literary man of considerable knowledge and ability, and acted at one time as sub-editor of the "Morning Chronicle." Indeed he secured the post when Thackeray was one of the applicants for the berth. Dr. Mackay also wrote for the "Daily News" under Charles Dickens and subsequent editors, and it was in the columns of that paper that "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys," was first printed. It was while Henry Russell was singing this song with its string of wonderful things to happen in the good time coming, that an

excited listener asked Russell if it would be convenient for him to fix the date of that "good time."

Henry Russell thus relates the the origin of "A Life on the Ocean Wave:" "One bright spring morning as Epps Sargent strolled on the Battery, New York, watching the ships in the harbour, the scene before him gave him an idea which he proceeded to develop. His walk and song were completed together, and Sargent went to the office of our mutual friend, George P. Morris, and wrote out the words.

"'This is not a song at all,' said Morris after reading it. 'It will not do for music.'

"A few days after I met Sargent and asked him for the song. He told me very dolefully what Morris had said, but I insisted on seeing the manuscript. We then went into a Broadway music store kept by a good friend, and were invited into a back room where there was a capital piano. I hummed an air or two, ran my fingers over the keys, then stopped feeling baffled; suddenly an idea struck me, I began to hum a melody that seemed floating through my brain, and presently touching the keys with a confident exclamation, that bright little air rang out which is now so well known as 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.'" Speaking on

another subject the veteran author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" says: "One summer afternoon when I was playing at the Presbyterian church, Rochester, I made a discovery. It was that sacred music played quickly makes the best kind of secular music. It was quite by accident that playing the 'Old Hundredth' very fast I produced the air of 'Get out o' de way Old Dan Tucker;' this was the first of a good many minstrel songs that I composed or rather adapted from hymn tunes played quickly. Among them are 'Lucy Long,' 'Ober de Mountain,' and 'Buffalo Gals.'"

Leaving Henry Russell, we turn to one of England's great national songs, "The death of Nelson," the music of which was composed by Braham. This was first sung in an opera called "The Americans," produced in 1806. The words of the opera and the lyrics were by Samuel James Arnold, the son of Dr. Arnold, composer of the "Maid of the Mill" and over forty other operas, who died in 1802. S. J. Arnold's first venture was a stage version of "Auld Robin Gray" in 1794, when only a little over twenty years of age. This was followed, in 1795, by "Who Pays the Reckoning," "The Shipwreck" in 1796, "The Irish Legacy" in 1797, "The Veteran Tar" in 1801, "Foul Deeds

Will Rise" in 1804, and "The Americans" in 1806, after the death of the great Nelson, which, as every schoolboy knows, occurred in October, 1805, on board the "Victory." S. J. Arnold, who also wrote "Speed on my Bark," "The Parent Oak," and other lyrics, seemed to be very fond of sea subjects. He also appears to have been a very clever writer and portrait painter as well. He furnished surprising specimens (of portrait painting) at the Royal Academy; he afterwards undertook a panorama of the battle of Alexandria, exhibited in 1801. "He seems, indeed, to possess an universal genius," says a writer in 1807. He married Miss Pye, daughter of H. J. Pye the unpoetic poet laureate.

It would not be difficult to cite a number of instances of a song that has been sold for "a mere song," as the phrase is, that has afterwards brought in thousands of pounds. For example, in 1859 Mr. Stephen C. Foster was in a piano store-room in Broadway, New York, where, in the presence of a few gentlemen, he played his charming song, "Come where my love lies dreaming." At the conclusion he sold the song for five dollars—or say a guinea. Mr. J. C. Cussans, who told this story at a city banquet in 1892, was present when the song was

sold. Its subsequent value was enormous. As an instance of the price obtained for favourite songs even after they may reasonably be supposed to have had their day, I may mention that the copyright of "Kathleen Mavourneen" not long ago was sold for £109, and "In the Gloaming" for £286. But there are some songs that are always in demand, and especially is this the case with those old time ballads which celebrated singers of the day very wisely include in their repertoire.

The prolific Mrs. Crawford, who wrote so many popular lyrics in the forties and fifties, and gave us the words of the never-to-be-forgotten "Kathleen Mavourneen," and the charming "Ellen Astore; or The Flower of Kilkenny," was also the authoress of both "Rest, Troubled Heart," and "The Gipsy Countess," once so extraordinarily popular, especially the duet, "The Gipsy Countess," which all sentimental young couples used to sing two or three decades ago. "Rest, Troubled Heart," or, as it was frequently called, the "Song of Pestal," owed its origin to the fact that Colonel Pestal, at one time an officer in the Russian army, who was doomed to death for turning traitor to his country, wrote the beautiful melody to which the words were subsequently written, on the

wall of his dungeon the night before his execution. This Colonel P. I. Pestal was one of the leading Dekabrists, so called from the historical episodes of 14th (26th) December, 1825, when Pestal and a number of confederates conspired against Nicholas I. An insurrection of the troops followed in Moscow, but this was soon suppressed. Pestal, with five others, paid the last penalty of the law at daybreak on 13th (25th) July, 1826, having been sentenced to death for high treason. One of the five executed was Ryleyeff, a Russian minor poet of some ability, whose poems are still extant and in print. Soon after the accession of Alexander II., in 1855, the surviving Dekabrists, who had been cast in prison, where pardoned and liberated.

Mrs. Crawford prefaces the song with a short piece of ordinary verse. The lyric itself I give. It must be confessed that it does not possess that literary merit which usually marks Mrs. Crawford's performances, but we must not forget that she lived in an age of much artificiality:

"Rest thou troubled heart! within this captive bosom swelling,
Rest thou troubled heart! no more of love or glory telling:

Now no more by wrongs or tyrant power oppressed.
From a thousand woes, Ah! sweet repose,
Soon will seal these eyes in everlasting rest.
Soon the martyr's grave will close.

"Death approaches near! the herald of eternal glory,
Friends and comrades dear! Ye long shall mourn my hapless story.
Oh! 'tis hard to part from all life's loving ties—
Hark, the midnight bell! 'tis the soldier's knell:
Soon to-morrow's sun, the last for me, shall rise;
Glory, home, and friends, farewell." . . .

At the end of each verse the first two lines are repeated with the plaintive music, which was arranged by E. Flood.

By the way, the melody of "Pestal" was, in a measure, no doubt unconsciously, revived recently in that ridiculous rubbish called "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay."

"The Gypsy Countess," with music by the once celebrated Stephen Glover, was founded on an incident not without a certain amount of romance. The kidnapping of children was a regular profession amongst the gipsies at one time, and many a parent lived to mourn the loss of a favourite child stolen away by these nomads and alien wanderers. The story upon which the "Gipsy Countess" was founded and utilized in Mrs. Crawford's lyric is as follows: A tradition

was current in the north of England that a young earl of one of the Border counties, in the course of his rambles, met with a beautiful gipsy girl whose charms made a deep and lasting impression on his heart. Upon entering into conversation with her, he found to his surprise that the artless grace of her manners, and the intelligence and purity of her mind, were quite equal to the beauty of her face and person; and, in spite of the great disparity of rank, he soon became deeply enamoured of her. It may be supposed that the struggle between affection and pride was long and severe before the earl could make up his mind to ally himself to the humble object of his disinterested regard; but love finally triumphed. To increase, however, the romance of the story, it is added that the gipsy girl had been stolen in her infancy by one of the roving band with which she thus became associated, and that she was afterwards discovered to be the daughter of a wealthy baronet. The pride of her lover was thus spared the intended sacrifice in raising the beautiful gipsy to the rank of a countess.

Another, one time very popular, composition which was sung by all the prominent singers of the musical world, is "The Beating of my own Heart," written by the late Lord Houghton

when he was merely Mr. R. Monckton Milnes. At the time of writing this lyric, Monckton Milnes, who had a well-deserved reputation as a maker of light, tuneful verse, was the guest of some friends in the country, and while a party of them went out riding and driving, the clever young poet elected to wander about by himself in the beautiful solitude of a summer day. The silence was intense, and only broken, as he said, by the beating of his own heart and the gentle murmur of a running stream near which he strayed. The phrase "the beating of my own heart" kept singing in his ear, and there and then he wrote the simple song which was destined, by the aid of Sir (then Professor) George A. Macfarren's melody, to become so famous. On his return to the house he told his hostess what he had written, and at her request he read his poem to the assembled guests at the dinner table. Strange to say, nobody thought anything of the piece, and they mostly criticised it rather severely. However, Monckton Milnes had faith in his own effort, and though his friends declared that the lines "The beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard" were nonsense, as no man could hear his own heart beat (which, of course, he can, under certain conditions), he was able to prove his own contention right, for

some months afterwards it was the favourite song of the day. It was one of the greatest triumphs of the celebrated Clara Novello, who became the Countess Gigliucci in 1843, and retired from the stage in 1860. She died in the seventy-ninth year of her age, in the summer of 1896.

CHAPTER XIV

ABOUT SOME MORE FAVOURITE SONGS

"THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK," "ROUSSEAU'S DREAM," "THE OLD HUNDREDTH," "THE SAVOY," "THERE IS A HAPPY LAND," "LITTLE DROPS OF WATER," "THE VICAR OF BRAY," "LILLIBURLERO," "YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND," "YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND," "EXCELSIOR," "THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS," AND "THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH"

A SIMPLE, homely song that is rarely heard now-a-days, for its novelty has long worn off, is "The Postman's Knock," written by L. M. Thornton, and composed by W. T. Wrighton, of drawing-room ballad composing and singing celebrity. "The Postman's Knock," when it was first published, about forty years ago, spread into favour at once, and was sung all over England, because it appeared at a period when the "New Penny Post" of Rowland Hill had had time to become understanded of the people and to be utilized by them. And because it appealed

to the sympathies of the majority, it remained quite a favourite in some parts of the country for more than twenty years. The words were written by a humble individual of small literary ability, who died in the Bath Workhouse, May 8th, 1888, after a hard fight against poverty. It must be confessed at once there is no art whatever in the irregular stanzas of the song, but there is plenty of human nature of a kind:

"What a wonderful man the postman is,
As he hastens from door to door!
What a medley of news his hands contain,
For high, low, rich, and poor!
In many a face he joy doth trace,
In as many he griefs can see,
As the door is ope'd to his loud rat-tat,
And his quick delivery.
Every morn, as true as the clock,
Somebody hears the postman's knock.

"Number One he presents with the news of birth,
With tidings of death, Number Four,
At Thirteen a bill of a terrible length
He drops through the hole in the door.
A cheque or an order at Fifteen he leaves,
And Sixteen his presence doth prove,
While Seventeen does an acknowledgment get,
And Eighteen a letter of love."

Properly speaking, the love-letter should have been left at Seventeen, but perhaps Mr. Thornton

was above punning. It should be remembered that a letter in those days was quite an event, for before the introduction of Sir Rowland Hill's "Penny Post," letters were very expensive luxuries indeed. For one to receive a letter, in country parts, was to be converted into a kind of hero for the time being, and to be worshipped accordingly. Letters from oversea were almost unknown except amongst the well to do, and friends and relations who lived at a distance rarely heard of each other from one year's end to another. Now for the last verse:

"May his visits be frequent to those who expect
A line from the friends they hold dear;
But rarely, we hope, compelled he will be
Disastrous tidings to bear.
Far, far be the day when the envelope shows
The dark border shading it o'er;
Then long life to Her Majesty's servant, we say,
And oft may he knock at the door!"

Let us not be too captious over the poverty of idea here exposed, nor criticise too harshly the falseness of the metre and the weakness of the rhyme. L. M. Thornton knew his audience, and wrote level to them, and being of a homely nature himself, he knew exactly the chords he could play upon with the best results. Thornton wrote many other lyrics that were more or less

popular as, for instance, "Pleasure," "Smiles and Tears," "Sing on, Sweet Bird," "Look Up," and the sacred songs, "As One by One our Friends Depart," and "Rest for the Weary," the music being composed by W. T. Wrighton. "The Postman's Knock" was so widely known and sung, that John Baldwin Buckstone had a piece written on the subject for the Haymarket Theatre. On April 10th, 1856, he produced a musical farce, concocted by L. M. Thornton, of which the "Illustrated London News," of April 19th of the same year, says: "A new farce, called 'The Postman's Knock,' somewhat rudely constructed, for the apparent purpose of introducing the song so named, has been produced at this (Haymarket) Theatre. The song itself is well sung by Mr. Farren; and the piece aided by his talent, and that of Miss Lavine and Miss Schott, who also sing a ballad or two each, has been favourably received." The programme for the week at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, is worth giving: "Monday, April 7, and during the week, the new and successful comedy, 'The Evil Genius;' after which the renowned Spanish Dancer, Perea Nena, who, with Manuel Perez and a New Company, will appear in the New Ballet-Pantomime of 'El Gambusino; or, The Mexican Gold-Digger,' after which, on Monday,

Tuesday, and Wednesday, for the Last Three Nights, 'Lend Me Five Shillings' (Buckstone as Golightly); on Thursday a New Farce called 'The Postman's Knock.'" But the piece was first tried at the Surrey Theatre on the 7th of the same month with Phelps and Vollaire in the cast.

Lewis Maunsell Thornton was born at Oxford, 1822. He was a simple versifier all his life, and in later times lived largely on the reputation of his one song. He used to tramp about the country selling a volume of his own lyrics, and by this means and by occasionally getting a guinea or so for a ballad, he managed to exist. His book was called "The Poetic Gift of Friendship." His last successful song was "Sing, Birdie, Sing." Thornton died in the infirmary of the Bath Union, whence he had been conveyed from the hospital after a painful operation. He had few friends, but certainly a good one in Mr. Jones-Hunt (generally known as the Bath poet), who did much to assist Thornton in many ways. It is interesting to add that the author of "The Postman's Knock" was carried to the grave by four postmen in uniform, while four others acted as pall-bearers, out of pure sympathy and kindness of heart. Mr. Jones-Hunt generously attended to the funeral

expenses. Thornton's remains lie in the quiet God's Acre of Walcot Wesleyan Chapel, Bath.

The song known as "Rousseau's Dream" is extracted, as far as the air goes, from Jean Jacques Rousseau's opera, "Le Devin du Village," which was produced in 1752. In the original it is a pantomime tune, without words, and the name of "Rousseau's Dream" was first given to it in print by J. B. Cramer. The English words, "Now, while eve's soft shadows blending" were written to the melody by William Ball. Some organists of the Church of England (acting upon the old Puritan principle of "not letting the devil have all the pretty tunes") occasionally employ it as a psalm or hymn tune. In this connection of thought a quotation from Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time" will come in *apropos*. "Some writers have asserted that the popular tunes of different countries sprang from the church; but this is mere assertion, without one atom of proof. The better feelings of man have ever revolted at such appropriations. To sing them would have been thought the extreme of ribaldry. On the contrary, in all countries, the case has been reversed. In the Vatican Library at Rome there are now eighty volumes of masses constructed upon popular tunes by composers of

various nations. Our Scottish brethren have their 'Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs, turned out of Profane Ballads,' and curiously enough, these are chiefly parodies upon English songs, such as 'John, come kiss me now,' and sung to English tunes. The custom of singing 'psalms to hornpipes' has not died away even yet, for we may still point to instances whichever way we turn, and whether at home or abroad." Mr. Chappell was not quite right in his assertions. A goodly number of hymn tunes have been converted to the uses of secular words and entertainments. The Salvation Army almost invariably sing their hymns to good old English secular melodies.

In the Protestant church the "Old Hundredth" possesses more than a historical interest. Originally it was composed to the 134th Psalm in the Geneva Psalter, and afterwards used by English Protestants to the 100th—about 1562. The name of the composer has never been satisfactorily decided. It has, on the word of Handel, been ascribed to Luther and then to Claude Gondimel, "a fine composer, assassinated at Lyons during the massacres of St. Bartholomew;" but now it seems to have been ascertained with tolerable certainty that Guillaume le Franc, a musician of Rouen, either

composed the melody or compiled it from the Roman chants. I fancy, however, that before Le Franc's time the melody was sung to some very amorous words; and it is notorious that the queen of Henry II. used to divert her royal consort by singing her favourite psalm, "Rebuke me not in Thine indignation" to a fashionable jig! Though this psalm does not possess the fervour of "A mighty fortress is our God," it breathes an air of majestic animation that accounts for its popularity in the church service. Haydn heard it in London sung by a chorus of many thousand voices, and was greatly affected. Berlioz, after hearing it performed at St. Paul's Cathedral by some six thousand charity children, wrote: "It would be useless to attempt to give any idea of such a musical effect. It was more powerful, more beautiful, than all the exultant vocal masses you ever heard, in the same proportion that St. Paul's is larger than a village church, and even a hundred times more than that. I may add that this choral, of long notes and of noble character, is sustained by superb harmony, which the organ inundated, without submerging it." For some time it was known as the "Savoy."

It has happened time and again that many an

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old hymn has been saved from utter oblivion by the fortunate circumstance of inspiring some modern writer to compose a fresh lyric in place of the crude and often coarse original words. But the oddest part about these rescued and world-wide popular pieces is that in the large majority of cases the authors have written *one* good piece and nothing more. There is, for instance, that Sunday-school hymn, "There is a Happy Land." Who has ever heard anything of the author, Andrew Young? You may search for his name amongst books of minor verse in vain, and yet for quite half a century Mr. Andrew Young has exercised a far wider influence upon his race than many whom the world considers its benefactors and greatest men. According to a newspaper account in 1889 (when Mr. Young was alive and over eighty years old) the origin of the hymn was occasioned by Mr. Young's hearing a tune played in a drawing-room. It is said that the melody in question was "an old Indian air, which has blended with the music of the woods of the primeval forest." It is just possible that the air had nothing to do with Indians at all. But what matters? It haunted the future author of the children's hymn and possibly, in sheer desperation, Mr. Young sat down and

clothed the melody with words which resolved themselves into the lines,

> "There is a happy land,
> Far, far away,
> Where saints in glory stand,
> Bright, bright as day!"

For long the sacred song was only sung in Mr. Young's family, but the chance visit of a music publisher soon made it known to all and every through the medium of the engraver. The growth and popularity of these simple airs with their simple words are beyond the ken of mortal man to discover. We have it on the authority of Professor Mason that Thackeray was "walking one day in a 'slum' district of London when he suddenly came upon a band of gutter children sitting on the pavement. They were singing. Drawing nearer he heard the words, 'There is a happy land, Far far away.' As he looked at the ragged choristers and their squalid surroundings, and saw that their pale faces were lit up with a thought that brought both forgetfulness and hope, the tender-hearted cynic burst into tears." This is a very pretty story as it stands, but why always call the author of "Vanity Fair" a cynic? A cynic is a man who puts himself outside the world and then tries to mingle in it. Thackeray

was a genius, and of course one must call him something; what right has a man to possess what you don't?

Fame seems a very capricious sort of thing to achieve, and while many strive with the weightiest works for the benefit of their kind, a small thing like Mrs. Brewer's

> "Little drops of water,
> Little grains of sand,
> Make the mighty ocean
> And the beautious land."

secures at once to its incubator a popularity and audience amongst all the world's millions of English speaking people! And the best of it is that it does not boast one spark of originality, Shakespeare having long ago given us the same idea in beautiful language, which has been imitated by hundreds of poets since. As a child's song, however, it is not easily matched. The authoress, Mrs. Brewer, does not appear to have written anything else.

That "pious" song, "The Vicar of Bray," written about 1720, to an older air, called "The Country Garden" (1690), was occasioned by the following circumstances. The Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, was a papist under the reign of Henry VIII., and a protestant under Edward

VI.; he was a papist again under Mary, and once more became a protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the cloth was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a turncoat (he had seen some martyrs burned at Windsor and doubtless found the fire too hot for his tender temper) and an inconstant changeling, as worthy old Fuller expresses it, he replied, "Not so, neither; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle: which is, to live and die the Vicar of Bray!" This vivacious and reverend hero gave birth to a sort of proverb peculiar to the county of Berkshire, "The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still." But how has it happened, demands D'Israeli in his "Curiosities of Literature," that this vicar should be so notorious, and one in much higher rank, acting the same part, should have escaped notice? Dr. Kitchen, Bishop of Landaff, an idle abbot under Henry VIII., was made a busy bishop; protestant under Edward, he returned to his old master under Mary; and at last took the oath of supremacy under Elizabeth, and finished as a parliament protestant. A pun spread the odium of his name; for they said that he had always loved the *Kitchen* better than the *Church*. The song was doubtless a general satire on the

numerous church renegades, and especially of one who lived in the reigns of Charles II., James II., William III., and George I. The words were by an officer in Colonel Fuller's regiment. The original vicar is believed to have been Simon Aleyn; though Ray gives the honour to an "independent" named Simon Symonds.

Of that absure song, "Lilliburlero," Dr. Percy says, in his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry:" "The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a most powerful effect and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688." "Burnet says," he continues, "a foolish ballad was made at that time treating the papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, lilliburlero' that made an impression on the (King's) army that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect."

It was written, or at least published, on the Earl of Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland, in October, 1688. The ridiculous burden is said to date from 1641. The words are

simply trash, but it was Lord Wharton's boast that he drove James II. from the throne with a few verses and a tune. Though the words were by Lord Wharton, the melody was composed by Henry Purcell, and it was almost entirely owing to the catching refrain that the song was sung at all. This quaint march and quick step was originally printed in "The Delightful Conpanion: or, Choice New Lessons for the Recorder or Flute," 1686, a very rare and scarce work indeed. "Perhaps," says Percy, "it is unnecessary to mention that General Richard Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, had been nominated by King James II. to the lieutenancy of Ireland, in 1686, on account of his being a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his master by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant-general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears."

I give the first verse as a curiosity, notwithstanding its lack of merit.

"Ho, broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli burlero bullen a la!
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero bullen a la!
Lero! lero! lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la,
Lero! lero! lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la!"

The wild Lilliburlero chorus comes in at the end of each verse as indicated in the first. It would be curious to know what language Lord Wharton thought he was imitating when he wrote this gibberish. It achieved its aim, anyhow, says a chronicler of the period. "A late Viceroy, who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention and lying, and for making a certain Lilliburlero song; with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms." Through the storm of this doggerel as an expression of popular dislike and distrust fell the Stuart dynasty notwithstanding their strenuous efforts to suppress printer's ink and frantic wit. But politically speaking, a mere song has proved the ruin of empires and the slaughter of opposing millions time and again. And it can only be accounted for by the fact that the populace and the army will feed on anything that tickles their humour and fires their imagination.

Thenceforward "Lilliburlero" became a party tune in Ireland, "especially after 'Dublin's deliverance; or the Surrender of Drogheda,' and 'Undaunted Londonderry,'" appropriate words being written to the jingle and sung throughout the land. It has now fallen into disuse. Shadwell and Vanbrugh and other dramatists fre-

quently refer to the tune in their plays; Sterne also mentions it in "Tristam Shandy." Purcel makes use of it again in his "Gordian Knot Unty'd," but it only lives now in the old nursery rhyme:

> "There was an old woman toss'd up in a blanket,
> Ninety-nine times as high as the moon."

and in the convivial chorus:

> "A very good song, and very well sung,
> Jolly companions every one."

which seems to be the inevitable fate of many martial strains!

Though Lord Wharton is generally believed to have written "Lilliburlero" this is not certain, it never having been conclusively proved. Dr. Charles Mackay identified the refrain as part of a solar hymn, astronomical and druidical, reading it thus: "Li! li! Beur! lear-a! Buille na la!" *i.e.*, "Light! light on the sea beyond the promontory! 'Tis the stroke (or dawn) of the morning." The author of the "Irish Hudibras" is said to have had something to do with the composition of the words.

But let us turn our attention to other wares. Thomas Campbell's "Ye Mariners of England," which I briefly referred to in a previous chapter,

was partly inspired by the melody of Martyn Parker's "Ye Gentlemen of England" (date about 1630). Mrs. Ireland, who saw much of Campbell at this time (1799) says, that it was in the musical evenings at her mother's house, that he appeared to derive the greatest enjoyment. At these *soirées* his favourite song was "Ye Gentlemen of England," with the music of which he was particularly struck, and determined to write new words to it. Hence this noble and stirring lyric, "Ye Mariners of England," part of which, if not all, he is believed to have composed after one of these family parties. It was not, however, until after he had retired to Ratisbon, and felt his patriotism kindled by the announcement of war with Denmark, that he finished the original sketch and sent it home to Mr. Perry of the "Morning Chronicle" (see Dr. Beattie's "Life of Thomas Campbell").

So much esoteric fun has been made out of Longfellow's allegorical lyric "Excelsior," that I think a word or two on its upspringing may be appropriate. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes terms it "a trumpet call to the energies of youth." Longfellow, it appears, one day came across part of the heading of a New York newspaper, bearing the seal of the State of New York, a

shield with a rising sun and the motto in heraldic Latin, "Excelsior." His imagination was at once fired with the picture of the youth climbing up the Alps, and bearing in his hand the magic banner "with the strange device" of Upward Hope. This the poet decided upon as the symbol of youth ever anxious to press forward to attain higher and nobler things, and though he succeed not in this world, he is rewarded for the attempt in the next.

The Latin title was the subject of criticism both before and after publication, many thinking that it should be *Excelsius*, or *Ad Excelsiore*. Longfellow explained that he took the word from "Scopus meus excelsior est," "my goal is higher."

Unfortunately when the poem appeared it was execrably illustrated and brought down much ridicule upon the poet and set the parodists to work. For it is easier to parody an allegory with some folk than to understand it. One of the most successful musical settings of "Excelsior" was by Stephen Glover (1812–1870).

The following letters fully explain Longfellow's own meaning in regard to the poem. The first was written long ago to the Hon. C. K. Tuckerman, the second is dated 1874.

"My dear Sir,—I have had the pleasure of receiving your note in regard to the poem 'Excelsior,' and very willingly give you my intention in writing it. This was no more than to display, in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose. His motto is, Excelsior—'Higher.'—He passes through the Alpine village—through the rough, cold paths of the world—where the peasants cannot understand him, and where his watchword is an 'unknown tongue.' He disregards the happiness of domestic peace, and sees the glaciers —his fate—before him. He disregards the warnings of the old man's wisdom and the fascinations of woman's love. He answers to all, 'Higher yet!' The monks of St. Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayer mingles the sound of his voice, telling them there is something higher than forms and ceremonies. Filled with these aspirations, he perishes; and the voice heard in the air is the promise of immortality and progress ever upward. You will perceive that 'Excelsior,' an adjective of the comparative degree, is used adverbially; a use justified by the best Latin writers."

His next epistle explains the use of the word "Excelsior," which critics said ought to have been "Excelsius." It was addressed to Signor Cesati.

"CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 5, 1874.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have had the pleasure of receiving your card with your friendly criticism on the word 'Excelsior.' In reply I would say, by way of explanation, that the device on the banner is not to be interpreted 'Ascende Superius,' but 'Scopus meus excelsior est.'

"This will make evident why I say 'Excelsior,' and not 'Excelsius.'—With great regard, yours truly,

"HENRY LONGFELLOW."

"The original time-piece immortalized in the "Old Clock on the Stairs," stood in the hall of an old-fashioned country seat surrounded by poplars, and belonging to some of Mrs. Longfellow's relatives. The following entry appears in the poet's journal, in November, 1845:

"Began a poem on a clock, with the words, 'For ever, never,' as the burden, suggested by the words of Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of eternity: 'C'est une pendule dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tom-

beaux—Toujours, jamais! Jamais, toujours! Et pendant ces effroyables revolutions, un réprouvé s'écrie, Quelle heure est-il? et la voix d'un autre misérable lui répond, "L'Eternité!"'"

The "Village Blacksmith" was written when he was at Cambridge, where the particular blacksmith's smithy and spreading chestnut tree stood. In 1879 the children of Cambridge presented the poet with an easy chair made out of the wood of this tree. Longfellow's great-grandfather, by the way, was a blacksmith, and opposite the house at Gorham stood a blacksmith's shop where the horses were shod, and where the future poet as a child often played. In writing to his father about the lyric, he alludes to it "as a kind of ballad on a blacksmith which you may consider, if you please, as a song in praise of your ancestor at Newbury." The song was set to music by W. H. Weiss the great singer, and made an instantaneous success. W. H. Weiss, who held a high position in the English operatic world, was born 1820, and died 1867. A musical play by E. C. Dunbar, called "The Merry Blacksmith," founded on the song, was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, September 23rd, 1893.

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